

CRISIS
in the
Mediterranean

An on-the-spot report by
BLAIR FRASER

COVER BY PETER WHALLEY

How to learn French (or English) and have fun
BACHELOR GIRLS: THE CLASS CANADIANS HATE

MACLEAN'S

AUGUST 16 1958 CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE 15 CENTS





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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 16, 1958

PREVIEW

A LOOK AT TOMORROW IN TERMS OF TODAY

✓ Music-maker Kane ready for blitz on Hit Parade

New insurance to put premiums in stock market

CANADA'S FIRST NEW ATLAS since 1915 will be published by the government in December, and already it's being touted as a best seller despite the price (\$25). It's more than 110 pages of maps, tells you such data as where Canadians read the most (Ontario and P. E. I.); the best fishing spots (mostly in subarctic rivers); where snowfall is heaviest (Goose Bay) and lightest (Vancouver); which city gets most sunshine (Regina: 2,200 hours a year); where to watch for black widow spiders (southwestern Saskatchewan); and where new Canadians have settled (Scandinavians mostly in B. C., Jews mostly in Quebec). There'll be a French edition later.



Massie is winning Ottawa's Paul Massie a rash of stage and TV assignments in England and could land him in Hollywood. Reviews for his performance as a sensitive killer in the movie were lyrical, and he went right from there to a series of TV and stage plays, including Picnic and Cat On A Hot Tin Roof. He's tied up in movies with Sir Michael Balcon's Ealing Studios, which in turn is tied up with MGM, which Massie's admirers expect to lead him back to this continent. It took 25-year-old Massie only two years to make his mark in Britain.

LOOK FOR CANADA'S MEAT PACKERS, of all people, to move into the lucrative tranquilizer-drug field. The packers have a ready supply of glandular extracts that go, with other ingredients, into some tranquilizers. One major packinghouse, which has been supplying pill manufacturers, is now getting ready to turn out pills itself. It will be no penny-ante sideline. One drug firm is making—and selling—two tons of tranquilizers a month.

FAST-RISING JACK KANE, Toronto-raised conductor-arranger, gives promise of matching the quick success of Wayne and Shuster in American show business. Kane, who does music for the summer Steve Lawrence-Eydie Gorme program on NBC, will be out this fall with four new LPs, "more at one time," says his Dot Records agent Bob Thiele, "than anyone else in show business." Included are two of Kane's very own: Kane is Able and Jack Kane Swings the Comics.

SOME UNGENTEEL NAME-CALLING is already developing in Canada's usually dignified, \$30-billion life-insurance industry over a proposed new kind of policy: the variable annuity. It means simply that your premiums, instead of being invested in fixed-yield bonds and mortgages, are put into common stocks. If the market goes up, so does your stake in insurance. Chief proponent: Prudential, which argues that it's one way policyholders can keep up with inflation. Chief opponent: Metropolitan, whose U. S. president, F. W. Ecker Jr., insists, "It's speculation, not insurance." Prudential will seek a government okay to sell such policies in Canada.

FOOD FOR THE FAMOUS / Old sports making new mark / Try pigs' tails à la Farley, chops à la Hewitt

WITH THE BACKYARD barbecue now a mecca of family and social life, the measure of the Canadian male is changing too. It used to be, "What's his job?" It may soon be, "Can he cook?" The Canadian National Exhibition will formally recognize this trend in a week or two by inviting some of the nation's best-known sportsmen to demonstrate not their athletic prowess, but their recipes—over a hot grill. You may not recognize them with their aprons on, but here are the specialties they'll prepare in full public view:

Barbecued pigs' tails: Golfer Phil Farley

broils these crisply over charcoal and serves them with sweet barbecue sauce, scalloped potatoes, lettuce with Russian dressing and mocha-cream pastries.

Shish Kebab: There are dozens of recipes, but hockey veteran King Clancy likes to arrange lamb, tomato, green pepper, onion and mushrooms on a skewer, dip the whole in a marinade of soya sauce, pineapple juice, sherry, garlic, tarragon and pepper, and broil.

Barbecued lamb chops: Sportscaster Foster Hewitt selects a double loin, sears the chops over a red charcoal and lets them crisp ("about as long as it takes

PREVIEWING THE SOCIAL REGISTER HIGH SOCIETY TURNS UP NOSE

WHEN CANADA'S slightly faded blue book, the Social Register, rolls off the presses in October, it's expected to be an immediate \$500,000 hit for the publishers—but not with many of the country's bluest bloods. According to a Maclean's survey, scores of richly veined noses are being turned up at the book. **Who'll be in it?** Fifty thousand—supporters and detractors alike—have been nominated by "social arbiters." In at least two cases these arbiters are newspaper society editors; in another a public-relations firm is doing the job. In Winnipeg all members of the knobby Manitoba Club were nominated along with the top executive echelon of T. Eaton Co. In Montreal 78 residents of hallowed Sherbrooke St. are listed. Names are a secret to the directors, headed by socialite Peter N. Dawes.

Who's for it? Of the 50,000 nominees 63% answered a circular asking for details on their families, according to Dawes. A second circular asking for \$25 for "membership" brought "thousands" of replies, according to the Guaranty Trust Co. which is handling the cash for the book's backers. Dawes says the figure is 13,000 which would put \$325,000 in the till. The Register will permit embassies and other acceptable applicants to buy additional copies for \$100 each; this could raise revenues to \$500,000. CNR president Donald Gordon has sent his \$25; so have Raymond Dupuis, past president of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, and Mrs. Egmont Frankel, an honorary president of the Canadian Cancer Society ("It's such an asset to know the type of people you're dealing with").

Who's against it? Here are some names that turned up in Maclean's survey: Eric Hamber, former lieutenant-gov-



MAJ.-GEN. MANN MRS. RON GRAHAM
He wasn't asked. She said "No."

ernor B. C.: "We're in enough registers. We're trying to get out."

Mrs. Ronald Graham, champion Vancouver party giver: "When they ask for \$25—that's not much of a social register."

Mrs. James Richardson, Winnipeg society matriarch, "didn't answer any of the letters I received." Neither did a whole raft of Toronto socialites, including Mrs. George Gooderham, Mrs. W. Mulock, Mrs. Britton Osler—among Canada's famous names.

Most military brass said no to the \$25. Maj.-Gen. Churchill Mann, socially eminent Toronto horseman and clubman, soldier, son-in-law of industrialist R. S. McLaughlin, was surprisingly spared the decision: he wasn't asked.

The Register's claim that you can't buy your way in has evoked widespread snickers, but it's apparently true. At Maclean's request three people of varying background offered to put up the \$25 "membership." The Register replied they'd have to await an invitation.

As socialite hostility to the blue book mounted, one Montreal hostess commented: "It's a case of being damned if you're in and damned if you're not."

CATALOGUES' NEW LOOK The chemise till spring

NO MATTER WHAT couturiers in Paris, Rome, London or New York decide in the next few weeks, it's already settled that thousands of Canadian women—especially in rural Canada—will stick with the loose chemise and trapeze look. Perhaps Paris won't say so, but Eaton's and Simpson's fall-winter catalogues do, and on the farm, bud, they're the last word.

Eaton's and Simpson's mail orders plumped for the loose look months ago when the catalogues were being prepared. That means that, come Dior, hell or high water, it's high style on the farm until spring.

What if women say "No"? With hog-fat inventories, Eaton's and Simpson's

could lose undisclosed millions. But they think it's a good gamble. Canadian women's-wear sales are expected to hit \$275 million this year, a 10% jump over last year. Most merchants say the chemise is the reason.

Seldom have Eaton's or Simpson's catalogues gone overboard as they have for the loose look. Simpson's shows it on the cover. Eaton's first two pages, traditionally one of the greatest billboards in Canada, shout, "The Shape That's News... the waistless chemise."

There's a good practical reason for flooding rural Canada with such a shape, according to one fashion expert: there's little worry about waist sizes—a big reason for exchanges.

for a couple of highballs"). He serves them with home-fried potatoes and dry mustard.

Venison with Roquefort: Swimming coach Gus Ryder learned this when



GUS RYDER (LEFT) AND KING CLANCY
Now they star with venison and Shish Kebab.

prospecting in northern Ontario. He spreads thick venison steak with Roquefort cheese and butter, broils carefully over hot fire.

Barbecued sirloin: "It's not so much the steak as the way you do it," says Whipper Billy Watson the wrestler. He trims fat from steak, seals it with garlic in tinfoil for 24 hours, cooks it on white-hot charcoal and serves with barbecue sauce and fresh greens with his own specially-prepared dressing.

Twenty-five others will vie for barbecue honors at the CNE.

—CHRISTINA MCCALL

BACKSTAGE IN THE MIDDLE EAST WITH BLAIR FRASER

The hit-and-miss fight to find the truth



BEIRUT Not for the first time the title of this column is embarrassing to a hit-and-run reporter. To be accurate, it should be not Backstage but Second Balcony in the Middle East. And that raises a fair question: What can a man learn from a quick visit to places he has seldom or never seen before, and where he cannot speak the language of the people? Wouldn't he be just as wise staying quietly at home and reading the New York Times? Obviously his dispatches will be something less than infallible.

The traveling reporter spends about a third of his time negotiating with hotel clerks for shelter, government clerks for passes and permits and visas, taximen for transport. He interviews politicians and government press agents, sometimes through an interpreter, sometimes in their broken English or his own broken French; in the end he can hardly remember which of these faceless men said what. Occasionally, with luck, he has a brief chat with the prime minister, foreign minister or other VIP, and hears the official line from them instead of from their henchmen. He appraises public opinion by reading the censored press, and by talking to an unscientific sample of .000001 percent of the population, mostly bartenders and taxi drivers.

Still, you do get something from a second-balcony seat that you don't get just by reading the reviews, especially when the reviews are censored, or have to be cabled at eighteen cents a word. You do learn things by physical contact, however brief and superficial. To some extent this is true everywhere,

but nowhere quite so true as in the Middle East. Baghdad is a tragic example.

Nineteen months ago, and no doubt at any other time in the past few years, the most casual visitor could see at a glance the danger of an explosion in Baghdad. You could feel the tension as you can feel an oncoming thunderstorm. But until sunrise on Monday, July 14, a spot news report from Baghdad would have described the situation quite accurately as quiet. Government publications and background articles told of the plans for investment of oil revenues that Nuri Said's government had in hand. It was said that Iraq was the only Middle Eastern nation (barring one or two tiny sheikdoms) to be using its resources wisely and thriftily to raise the people's standard of life.

Instead of an unemployment problem like that of Egypt, Iraq had an actual shortage of skilled labor—people were coming in from Syria to take jobs in the various construction projects, the dams that would give hydro-electric power and water for irrigation, the new houses that would give the people decent places to live. All these statements were quite true, but they combined to give an impression not only untrue but preposterous—that Iraq was a stable, contented, reasonably prosperous country. In twenty-four hours or less, any visitor could see with his own eyes that this was not so. He could see that Iraq was a nation in danger, where the surface tranquillity was only a millimetre deep.

For one thing Iraq was desperately poor, even poorer than other Arab countries like Syria and Lebanon.

There were more blind and half-blind beggars on the street, their eyes blank with trachoma. In Damascus and Beirut and even Cairo the bootblacks are little boys; in Baghdad queues of full-grown men waited all day by the Tigris bridges for a chance to shine a rich man's shoes. No doubt there was a shortage of skilled labor, but these poor devils are not skilled, and for them there was no work in Baghdad. To them the government's plans for investment, the riches that were to come out of oil, must have been as invisible and seemed as mythical as they did to the visitor.

Poverty doesn't always mean revolution, of course, or the whole of Asia would be in revolt all the time, but there were other danger signals in Baghdad. Nowhere, not even in Syria, was the press as tightly censored and as remote from outer reality as in Baghdad. Nowhere, not even in Egypt, were more soldiers and police in evidence all the time.

The opposition was officially supposed to be Communist, but the "Communists" that I met were well-to-do lawyers who lived in a suburb like Westmount or Rockcliffe or Forest Hill Village; some of their friends and neighbors were in jail, without trial and even without precise charge. It's obvious now that these precautions were not mere hypochondria on the part of Nuri Said's government; far from being needless, they weren't even adequate. But they did show how precarious Nuri Said's hold on Iraq really was.

I don't mean to suggest that what

you see in the Middle East makes Arab nationalist propaganda true and all other propaganda false. In some places the effect is quite the opposite—Algiers, for one. The Arab propaganda line is that Algeria is an Arab city in which French are mere interlopers. Anyone who arrives in Algiers westbound, from Cairo or Damascus, sees it at once as a French city, not merely as Calcutta or Hong Kong could be called British, but predominantly and unmistakably French. Two thirds of its citizens are Frenchmen of European origin, and even some of the Moslems speak better French than Arabic. Of course it is obvious fiction to say as the French colons do that "Algeria is an integral part of France," but hardly less fictitious to call it part of "The Arab World." And this, too, the casual visitor can see.

Often he can see that Arab propaganda is not only false but pathetic. I remember one morning in Cairo, five years ago, when a group of visiting reporters were being briefed on the wonders of the "New Egypt" under its great leader General Nasser. (Nasser was a mere second-in-command in those days.) To listen to the official spokesman at the ministry of health you would think that Egypt had left the British national health scheme far behind—there was nothing, but nothing, that the lucky Egyptians weren't about to have in the field of public health. But during a coffee break between two of these briefings some of us went to the bathroom. One look at its really startling filth told us more than all the handouts about the true state of public health in the new Egypt.

Two weeks ago, in the controlled press of Cairo, I noticed two items that seemed pathetic in a different way. One was an interview with an army commander of high rank, who was asked among other things whether Egyptian officers would continue to go abroad to learn strategy and tactics. It was unnecessary, he replied; officers of the United Arab Republic could now learn as much at home, from their own military institutions, as any foreigner could teach them. However, he added, in order to preserve traditions and for courtesy's sake, a certain number would still be sent abroad.

The other item was a small announcement which, I was told later, appears in the Cairo newspapers every few months. It said the Egyptian government would soon ordain a "unified" dress for workers—apparently "unified" sounded a better word than "uniform." This unified dress would be of still-undisclosed design, but would be something along the line of Western shirt and trousers. The flannelette nightgown, which is now the everyday dress of the Egyptian poor, would be forbidden.

Maybe I was reading too much into them, but those two items in the same issue of the Egyptian Gazette seemed to tell a lot about the United Arab Republic and its admirers in Iraq and Lebanon—the pathologically sensitive vanity, the envious and reluctant admiration of Western ways, the desire to replace their own customs and folkways without ever admitting that such a desire exists. These are also things that the visitor can see, or at any rate thinks he can, they are among the reasons why most visitors to the Middle East become pessimists about the Western chances to win friends and influence people there. ★



Egyptian workers will soon adopt Western-style dress, but Nasser's "new Egypt" is still only a myth.

BACKSTAGE AT OTTAWA

How the bankers kept a \$6-billion deal in the dark

ON A BUS from Ottawa's Rockcliffe airport, an employee of the Bank of Canada rose from his seat, took a Bible from his pocket and spoke to a fellow passenger. "Repeat after me," he said: "I do hereby swear to not communicate or permit to be communicated any of the confidential information related to the government of Canada which will be communicated to me today." In turn, 30 other passengers — bankers, trust-company officials and bond brokers who had come by chartered plane from Toronto—took the same oath. On a train from Montreal, so did 40 other businessmen.

Thus the Bank of Canada set the stage for the biggest financial deal in the nation's history. In Ottawa, bankers and financiers learned details of the plan to refinance 40% of the national debt by persuading two million holders of Victory Loan bonds to swap them for \$6.4 billion in new long-term bonds. Few Canadians know yet of the extraordinary efforts to keep the secret from investors to whom premature knowledge of such news could have

meant millions. (Old Victory bonds jumped from \$95 to \$100 on an average the morning after the news broke.)

Although 1,000 people over a period of two weeks had an inkling of what was going on, not a word leaked out. Two Bank of Canada officials worked full time administering oaths of secrecy to bankers and brokers, to printers, messengers, truck drivers — all of this under orders from Bank of Canada governor James Coyne, who directed the security operations. With most of his senior help, Coyne worked from 7.30 a.m. to 2 a.m. each day and lived on sandwiches and orangeade at a Honey Dew restaurant near the bank.

Most of the work involved the design and shipment of bond-transfer application blanks. The Queen's printer poured out 14.7 million of these. They were moved from the Hull printing bureau to the Bank of Canada in Ottawa at night so the massive unloading—217 tons of paper—would not be observed by reporters of the Ottawa Journal, right behind the bank. There they were parceled



Governor Coyne: he had a secret.

and addressed to 4,736 Canadian bank branches, 150 trust companies and 300 investment houses.

Meanwhile, for the first time since the war, the government reserved time on every radio and TV station — 245 of them — to announce the scheme. The CBC was told it would be an appeal for the Boy Scouts. Full-page ads were reserved in every Canadian newspaper—for a baby-food campaign. At 5 p.m. on July 14 Finance Minister Fleming finally let the cat out of the bag with an announcement in the House of Commons.

Chief sufferers in the ordeal were Bank of Canada employees, whose oath of secrecy shut off even their families. "Ever try telling your wife you've been working every night till midnight for two weeks," asked one, "... and not give her a reason?"

—PETER C. NEWMAN

Backstage WITH FARRIS

The U.S.-Frenchman who speaks for Canadians

"What right has this Chinaman to make statements... on behalf of the Canadian people?"—Vancouver Senator John Wallace deBeque Farris, referring to an interview by Vancouver MP Douglas Jung.

Douglas Jung, who is president of the Young Progressive Conservatives of Canada, was born in Victoria in 1924 of Chinese parents. His family tree is simple and easy to follow. It goes straight back to China and down through generations of Chinese.

Senator Farris' family tree is somewhat more complicated, but the main trunk of it has been outlined for Maclean's by Boston genealogist Louis I. Altschuler:

John Wallace Farris was also

born in Canada — in White's Cove, N.B., in 1878—the son of Lauchlin Farris and Mary Louise Hay. His grandfather wasn't Farris, but John Ferris, who was married to Sarah McLean, of Scottish descent. Their son Lauchlin changed the name.

John Wallace Farris' great grandfather, also John Ferris, lived in Westchester County, New York, where he was married to an American woman, Mianah Hunt. This John Ferris was an English adventurer and fought against the U.S. in the War of Independence.



Senator Farris: his ancestors got around.

The great-great-grandfather of John Wallace Farris was also an adventurer, but not English. He came from France to England. His name was not Ferris but de Ferrers.

Thus, speaking for Canadians in the Senate is a Scots-American-English-Frenchman named John Wallace deBeque Farris or Ferris or de Ferrers.

Backstage WITH FASHION

Big headaches for the nation's dressmakers: Girls are different sizes in east and west

✓ ANY FILM PRODUCER searching for a Canadian Marilyn Monroe would save time by looking in Toronto or Winnipeg. He'd be more likely to find girls of Marilyn's measurements in those places.

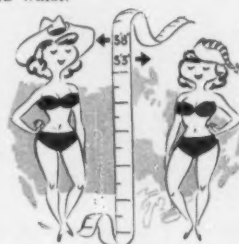
✓ Far-western girls are a queen-size, high-pockets type — long in the legs and waist — with a more queenly bearing than eastern girls.

✓ Quebec girls are inclined to be dumpy — they're from three to four inches shorter than the Canadian average, mostly in legs and waist.

These are some of the vital—and illuminating—statistics unearthed by Canadian designers and the Canadian government's Specifications Board trying to work out standard garment sizes for Canadian women. They've just about admitted defeat on one point: there is no "average Canadian girl," but several "averages" for different parts of the country.

Closest to an average—and to movie stars—are girls in Toronto and Winnipeg, according to Phil Fisher, designer of Toronto and Vancouver.

Here's how Fisher compares this all-Canadian girl with Marilyn and with far-west and Quebec girls:



West's queens more queenly.

	Canada	Marilyn	Quebec	West
DRESS SIZE	14	12	14	14
HEIGHT	5'6"	5'5½"	5'3"	5'8"
WEIGHT	120	118	118	124
WAIST	27"	24"	27"	26"
BUST	37"	37"	37½"	37"
HIPS	38"	37"	38"	38½"

"A suit cut for an average B.C. girl would be at least an inch too long in the waist for a Toronto girl," says Fisher. "Western girls generally have better posture too."

Another expert, E. F. K. Nelson, manager of the Canadian Retail Federation, thinks there is not such a whale of a difference in cross-country measurements, "but westerners like to think of themselves as tall, lean and rangy. Anglo-Saxons also consider themselves taller and slimmer than those of other backgrounds, but they're not always."

One legend holds good, however: country girls are generally more buxom than city girls and you'll see far more hourglass figures in the city. But designers and the Specifications Board make an important reservation about all these measurements: there's a good chance they won't be accurate a few months from now. Women who follow the dictates of high style are now shaping their figures, by means of diet and foundation garments, to a high-small-bust silhouette. After that, who knows?—TIM DICKSON

Background

WINNIPEG'S HAPPY DRIVERS

Cheapest city in Canada to drive a car: Winnipeg, by 5c to 15c a gallon. The city's had a gas-price war so long it's now considered the normal thing. In July one company was selling gas at the "Depression" price of 29c a gallon (average elsewhere is 39c to 44c). Two factors keep the war going, according to warring oil companies: 1. One large motor-sales firm, Dominion Motors, keeps gas prices low to attract car buyers, sells two million gallons a year. 2. Surplus gas from a U.S. pipeline terminus in Grand Forks, N.D., sells in Winnipeg at cut prices.

HOW'S YOUR WORK RATING?

Are you a "dropper" or a "breaker"? The difference is now being spelled out for businessmen by British industrial psychologist Dr. Kenneth Hutchin, who defines droppers: "They'll work till they drop," and breakers: "They work between coffee breaks, talk breaks, hairdo breaks." Strangely, according to Hutchin, droppers are just as bad a risk for the boss as breakers. "They try to get too much out of life. Breakers never get enough. Neither is well-balanced."

CANADIANS MORE GENEROUS

Giving's going up in Canada, regardless of United Community Fund reports which prove in black and white that Canadians are shirkers when it comes to a helping hand.

UCF charts show that 65% of Canadian communities failed to meet fund-raising objectives this year, compared with 25% in 1957. The fact is that 80 communities in the UCF raised \$25,500,000 in 1958 compared with \$23,600,000 in 1957. The most generous community in Canada: Sault Ste. Marie, which achieved 130% of its 1958 objective.

'FLU BUG HARD TO LICK

Still champion in one of science's most prolonged and bitter battles: the 'flu bug. The federal government and Connaught Laboratory scientists are working feverishly on a multi-strain vaccine they hope will give immunity to most prevalent 'flu strains. The big difficulty: there's always a new strain when they've got the others

licked. A 5-strain vaccine is now being tested in Quebec, but immunity lasts less than six months. Meanwhile, you can breathe a bit easier. Scientists don't expect a major 'flu outbreak this year or a recurrence of last winter's Asiatic 'flu.

CURSES, FOILED AGAIN, DEPT.

The latest issue of the National Research Council's bulletin, Research News, revealed that Canadian surgeons have developed a brand-new method by which blood vessels can be stapled instead of sewn. Exactly one day after publication of the periodical a copy of the USSR, Soviet newsmagazine, reached the Research Council. Feature story? A brand-new method by which blood vessels can be stapled.

Editorial

Lebanon yesterday; Jordan today; Could it be Canada tomorrow?

OTTAWA.—Two divisions of United States Marines have occupied the Canadian House of Commons, the Ottawa telephone exchange and the head offices of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation in a resolute move to keep the Dominion from falling into the orbit of the Soviet Union. It is believed that no lives were lost and little resistance was offered in the swift and determined action ordered personally by the United States President and his Secretary of State. At next Tuesday's meeting of the United Nations Security Council the United States delegate will ask for UN confirmation and support of the occupation of Ottawa as an emergency measure in defense of the free world.

The above may sound like the rawest burlesque, something left over from the editing of the satirical revues *My Fur Lady* and *Spring Thaw*. To us it has the ominous ring of true prophecy. If it is logical and right for the United States—on its own initiative, and in consultation with no one but itself and a hard-pressed local government—to take military possession of the far-off, dimly comprehended city of Beirut, then it is a hundred times as logical and right that the United States, at any time of its choosing, should occupy the nearby and far more important city of Ottawa.

This makes it all the more difficult to sympathize with the Diefenbaker government's quick—indeed, it must be believed, automatic—acquiescence in the American landings in Lebanon and in the British landings in Jordan. A man who has studied events as much as John Diefenbaker must know that landings by the U.S. Marines, or anybody else's marines, simply cannot check or reverse the flow of history. He must know the one sad and sovereign fact about the Arab world: the place is full of Arabs. It suffers from the same kind of affliction that has brought the white man to catastrophe and disillusionment in many other places. India, alas!, is full of Indians. China is full of Chinamen. Africa is full of Africans. Determined and clever men from outside have been trying to remedy this condition or turn it to their own advantage for many centuries, but they have accomplished very little. India is still full of Indians, China is still full of Chinamen, Africa is still full of Africans and the Arab countries are still full of Arabs. All of them are showing an increasing desire to run their own affairs. The desire may be perverse, wrong-headed and harmful, but it will never be erased by the marines. Nor, we strongly suspect and strongly hope, will it be erased by Mr. Khrushchev.

In the meantime it is both astonishing and dismaying to find a Canadian government upholding the notion that the United States has a right to send its armed forces wherever it wishes to send them, to intervene in whatever local disturbances it deems important, and to take for granted the tame approval of its tame friends.

Mailbag

- ✓ Are housewives doing a sloppy job?
- ✓ Modern art a hoax? Most letter writers say yes
- ✓ Will success spoil Wayne and Shuster?

I am surprised that Maclean's would print such drivel as Patricia Clarke's *Stop Pitying the Underworked Housewife* (July 19). Any clear-thinking person knows it isn't work an average woman complains about, it is the 24 hours, 7 days a week she has to spend with her work all around her . . . —MRS. P. H. RAMSAY, CALGARY.

✓ Presumably Mrs. Clarke's statistics are correct about four out of five husbands doing housework. When do these modern Paul Bunyans do any building or reconstruction around the house? And don't any of her housewives do



any dressmaking or preserving? . . . —MRS. JOHN L. BAILLIE, TORONTO.

✓ I have just eaten my lunch, had my iced coffee on my suncot and wiped away my tears of laughter after reading Patricia Clarke. It is the most delightful and true article I have read in ages. —MRS. W. A. DOW, VANCOUVER.

✓ Let's face it: we are *not* unappreciated, underpaid, overworked slaves, nor are we coffee-drinking, napping, gadget-pushing women of leisure. We have a job to do, like all other workers in our society, and because it is a 7-day, 14-hour occupation we earn periodic moments of relaxation when we can get them. —LOUISE SLEMIN, TORONTO.

✓ . . . We don't expect all men to enjoy being, say, plumbers, yet modern society expects women to "love that housework" or be marked down as a misfit and malcontent. The age of female emancipation died with the servant class. —MRS. J. M. RINEBERG, ST. BONIFACE, MAN.

Who's for modern art?

I hope the letters are pouring in! . . . to thank Kenneth Forbes for expressing the true nature of today's popular art, this ugly, vague and jarring stuff that has for years bewildered those who once revered the old masters. Perhaps the tide can yet be turned. —MRS. D. M. SHIFFLETT, CALGARY.

Letters pouring in on Forbes' *Argument, Don't Fall for the Modern Art Hoax* (July 5), are running five to two in Forbes' favor.

✓ . . . We should have damned Edison and stuck to candles, spurned Ford and rode horses, blocked social evolution and kept slaves — and, by the way, exiled the ingenuity of Eastman-Kodak

—so Mr. Forbes could produce portraits of politicians and magnates unhindered . . . —FELIX TEKAUZ, TORONTO.

Is it busby or bearskin?

A letter in July 19 Mailbag says that Guardsmen wear busbies. Oh no, sir. The public may give these tifers the name busby, but Guardsmen wear bearskins, and nothing but bearskins. Busbies are the smaller hat with small plume and pancake-like flap worn by such units as the Royal Horse Artillery. —RAONULL PARR, TORONTO.

✓ In the Scots Guards, the pipers wear the feathered bonnet and kilt, and the drummers wear the busby and trows . . . —R. BRONSON, BRUSSELS, ONT.

✓ The correct names of military head-dresses are: bearskin cap—Royal Scots Greys, Foot Guards, Fusiliers; feather bonnet—Highland regiments; busby—Royal Horse Artillery, Hussars, Rifles; shako—certain other regiments. —J. E. H. TIDSWELL, CALGARY.

Don't go, Wayne and Shuster!

When I saw Wayne and Shuster's name on Maclean's cover (July 19) I wasted no time reading it. I'm pleased as punch that the Americans appreciate them but I hope we don't lose them as we have lost so many of our talented artists. —MRS. B. TRACHTENBERG, MONTREAL.

✓ When I first heard they were going south I pleaded. I said, "Wayne and



Shuster, don't go!" But it's all right now. —ALAN FORREST, NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

✓ In Barbara Moon's article on Wayne and Shuster Sylvia Lennick says "I've been in this business in Toronto for years and nobody ever heard of me . . ." I would like to tell Miss Lennick that I, and I'm sure many others, have enjoyed her and *certainly* know her. —GISELE MAUEL, SASKATOON.

Peeling potatoes wasteful?

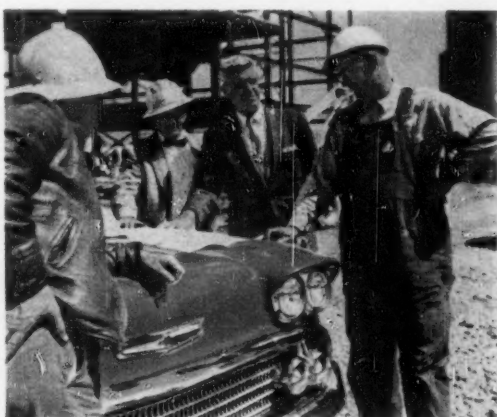
Is peeling potatoes hateful (Preview, June 21)? Yes, and wasteful too. The food value of a potato is right under the skin. When potatoes are pared the best part of the potato is wasted. Baked potatoes are tastier and more nutritious. —MRS. EUNICE GILBERT, HANTS CO., N.S.

MORE MAILBAG ON PAGE 56

How Don Borden took a \$2,500,000 business tour in 7½ hours... for \$9.36*... with Hertz Rent a Car!



ARRIVED AIRPORT 9.10 A.M. "Bright day. Hertz Rent a Car ready and waiting. '58 model of course... that's The Hertz Idea!"



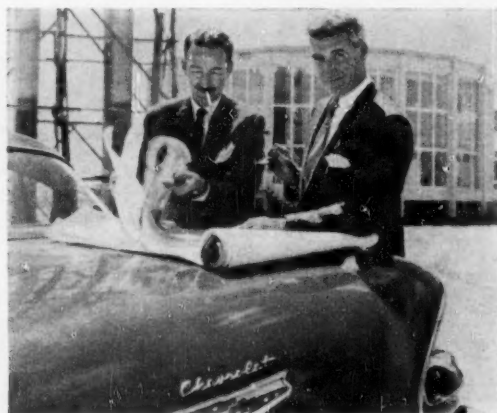
EAST OF TOWN 10.15 A.M. "Quick trip to new Smith plant. Finally got complete info that Head Office needs."



DOWNTOWN 11.15 A.M. "Back to town, parked. Followed up two good leads — they liked the personal call."



LAKESHORE 2.00 P.M. "Drove E. J. out for quiet lunch. Clinched the \$300,000 deal. He says; 'You really get around!' (The Hertz Idea!)"



WEST OF TOWN 3.10 P.M. "Had time — thanks to Hertz — to check the big highway job. We can cut costs here. Good thing I stopped by!"



AIRPORT 4.30 P.M. "Turned in the car. Saved more time with my Hertz Charge Card. Feeling great — a busy, profitable day."



HOME OFFICE, NEXT DAY "Reported. Cleared expenses, including \$9.36 for Hertz Rent a Car. Checked approx. \$2,500,000 worth of business, I figure—\$9.36 made it easy! And enjoyable—I like the lively way those Chevrolets behave!"

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Storm warnings... and HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE

WHEN a sailor encounters rough seas, he will, if possible, seek refuge in the nearest sheltered cove... and stay there until the storm has spent its fury.

Those who have high blood pressure, or as doctors say, hypertension, should also steer away from emotional "storms" or upsetting situations.

In fact, doctors advise their hypertensive patients to spend as much time as possible in surroundings that help ease daily tensions and strains.

This is important because sustained tension tightens up the body's smallest blood vessels and the heart must exert a stronger force or pressure to pump blood throughout the body.

High blood pressure affects hundreds of thousands of Canadians... and is a major cause of heart trouble in middle age and later years.

Fortunately, treatment for it has steadily improved. Several new drugs, for instance, are bringing relief to many thousands of patients today.

These drugs, however, do not cure the condition. They must be used under close

medical supervision, as the doctor has to study each individual case... and decide which drug or combination of drugs can be used safely and effectively.

Control of high blood pressure depends, to a considerable extent, upon what patients do about their health.

Most patients who are careful about weight control, diet, relaxation, rest—and who have periodic medical check-ups to guard against possible complications—can live long, comfortable and useful lives.

The best way to help avoid heart disease due to high blood pressure is to detect and treat hypertension when it first appears, often in the late 30's or early 40's.

So, everyone should have regular health examinations—especially those who are overweight and those who have a family history of hypertension.

Remember that everyone's blood pressure goes up and down in response to various situations that we meet daily. Don't worry if yours is temporarily high, especially during times of stress. Only when blood pressure frequently goes above normal, or stays there, is there cause for concern.

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THE COVER

Just as the scare over TV-legs seems to be receding, Peter Whalley comes along with a fresh worry. How does the TV child, having passed up the old swimming hole and apple-stealing season, know when it's summer? He knows, all right, by the replacement shows.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 16, 1958



Canadian Company Initiates Vigorous Expansion Program...

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250 world-famous Ferguson System tractors every day . . . one in less than two minutes! A remarkable production figure that goes a long way towards proving this new Massey-Ferguson plant at Detroit one of the most advanced industrial facilities in the world!

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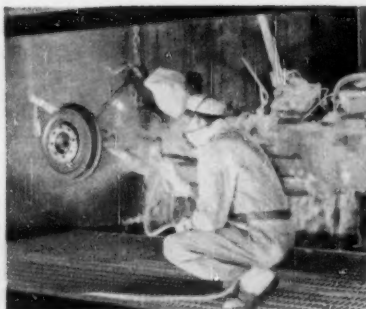
The largest manufacturer of tractors and self-propelled combines in the world today, Massey-Ferguson — a Canadian company with a truly international outlook — looks forward to continued progress in the mechanization of agriculture throughout the world.



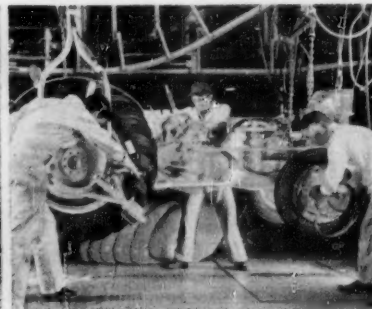
Massey-Ferguson Limited

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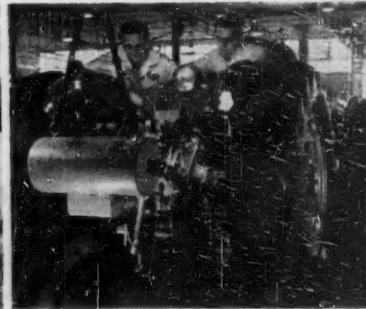
Canada



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For the sake of argument



MARJORIE EARL INSISTS

Canada hates single women

Not long ago I exchanged notes with a thirtyish female television producer in Toronto about the hazards of being a spinster in Canada. "The most tedious part of it," she said, "is forever being forced to parry that impertinent question, 'Why isn't an attractive woman like you married?' When I say it's because I don't want to get married they look at me as though I had two heads."

I sympathized. I live in England, a nation of individualists, where the intrusive personal question is taboo and where the spinster is permitted to flourish with the other eccentrics. But in Canada, I find, the woman who chooses to be single and independent is at once a freak in the circus to be examined, questioned and pitied, and a dangerous insurgent who is hated by the entire social order.

Wives: cheap servants

The independent woman, of course, menaces most societies. Whether she is single or not, once she takes full economic responsibility for her life and her future she achieves freedom in practice and the economic order based on her vassalage collapses. It is pointless to argue that Western societies are not founded on the unpaid labor of women. Early this year, in Australia, Mr. Justice McClellens, giving judgment in a suit for alienation of affections, said that in law a wife "can only be valued as a servant" and that in assessing damages "you have to regard the loss of a wife only as the loss of a servant" but that "generally speaking the wife is cheaper than a housekeeper who must be paid."

Exactly how much cheaper she is was proved in May by Colin Smith, director of the Oxford University Institute for Research into Agricultural Economics. Smith compiled a carefully documented report based on the cost to the community of institutional services. This showed that every housewife in Britain contributed a bare

minimum of five hundred and seventy pounds worth of unpaid work to the national income. The economy of the country would be wrecked, he said, if servants had to be hired to do it. "What's Smith trying to do?" demanded an angry male columnist the day after the report was published. "Ruin the home life of this country or start a major revolution?"

Obviously a woman of intelligence and ability will hesitate before assuming this parasitic role of domestic drudge. In Canada, however, her hesitation is made particularly painful by reason of the peculiar position she occupies. The expanding industrial economy encourages her to be educated and to adopt a profession. But its dependence on mass production drives her toward conformity and marriage. For this role she is set up on a pedestal and idolized as something less or more than human (a dish, a doll, a goddess) and enjoined by a ceaseless barrage of advertising and propaganda to be a combination of perfect sex symbol, perfect hostess, perfect housekeeper and perfect mother. The penalty for failure, she is often told (and often discovers) is loss of her husband, her pride and her source of income.

With the odds stacked so heavily against her, a young woman who does not require the support of a man is inclined to postpone entering this formidable contest. She soon discovers, however, that delay is costly. To fail as a wife is not nearly so bad as to fail to become one. For this crime the women's magazines will brand her as a social deviate and even a mental cripple. For example, a recently published article in a Canadian women's magazine gave immaturity as a leading reason why the woman "armored in independence" did not marry. She was probably prey, this article said, to "some serious personality problem" and the author advised her "to cultivate adult insight and self-understanding" **continued on page 44**

MARJORIE EARL IS A WINNIPEG-BORN FREE-LANCE WRITER WHO NOW LIVES IN BRITAIN. SHE IS A REGULAR CONTRIBUTOR TO MACLEAN'S.



In **MATINÉE** they've found the finest

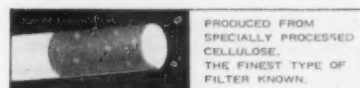
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London Letter



BY BEVERLEY BAXTER

I accuse Nagy's murderers

If any Canadian visitors to London had been in Westminster Hall on a recent day in July they would have seen a collection of MPs making their way to what is known as the grand committee room. The occasion was the showing of a film called *Hungary Aflame* which, according to custom, had to be sponsored by three MPs. In company with a Liberal and a Labor member I made the necessary third sponsor.

We assumed that the film would be tragic, probably exciting, but rather out of date. History moves rapidly these days and, after all, the brutal massacre of Hungary belongs to the past, even though it be the recent past. Yet despite an important debate in the Commons the grand committee room was crowded with socialists and Tories alike.

So the lights were lowered and on the screen began the showing of that terrible yet uplifting tragedy when the Hungarians rose in their fury with the ancient cry: "Freedom or death!"

Let us agree at once that the nature of the film was bound to arouse fierce resentment against the Russians. The wounded and the dead were all Hungarians, and we did not see the tragedy of young

Russian soldiers who also died or were wounded. Yet heartbreak has no nationality.

As Shakespeare knew so well there is an ennobling quality in tragedy. We saw before us young men with their lives before them deliberately choosing death rather than slavery. We saw women tending the wounded under fire and sharing the fate of the freedom fighters. The dead and dying were everywhere, yet the survivors fought on until at last they were exhausted.

But the story was not finished. The great heart of humanity went out to the Hungarian street fighters in their terrible plight. Their courage had lit a candle that burned like the midday sun. In the film we were shown a plane from Communist Poland arriving with supplies of blood plasma for the Hungarian wounded. Food, clothing and medicine came from Austria. In the streets the people threw their money into collection boxes. On the border the Austrians were helping and guiding refugees to freedom.

And in Budapest the heroic dead were being buried by men and women with tears in their eyes and hatred in their hearts.

So fierce **continued on page 55**



A symbol of free Hungary: prime minister Nagy danced the czardas.

Virginia Thoreson
**Trademark Mutation Mink Breeders Association*
**it's so naturally fine. Ask your furrier for Emba; it's so naturally fine.*
Famous couturiers and furriers select Emba® brands because they're unmatched for quality and versatility.
brand, EMBA® natural brown mutation mink... Dashing accent with an oblong collar, a stole that's all nerve and individuality... in the winsome loveliness of AUTUMN HAZE®, the world's finest natural brown mutation mink.
AUTUMN HAZE





Antique cars are still around! Carefully preserved by their collectors, models like this 1907 Tudhope-McIntyre, built in Orillia, Ont., are now very valuable. Today, too, Mobiloil offers the finest oils in its 50 years of Canadian experience.

Like yesterday's cars, today's models benefit by **Mobiloil** hot weather engine protection

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Report from the Mediterranean tinderbox

BY BLAIR FRASER



After five weeks in
the rebellion-torn Middle East
a distinguished Maclean's
editor examines the men and the
motives at war there

...ALGIERS

I write this without knowing when, how, or even whether I can get to Baghdad in the reasonably near future. Normally several planes a day fly there from Beirut in a couple of hours, but it's unlikely that things in Baghdad will be normal for some time to come.

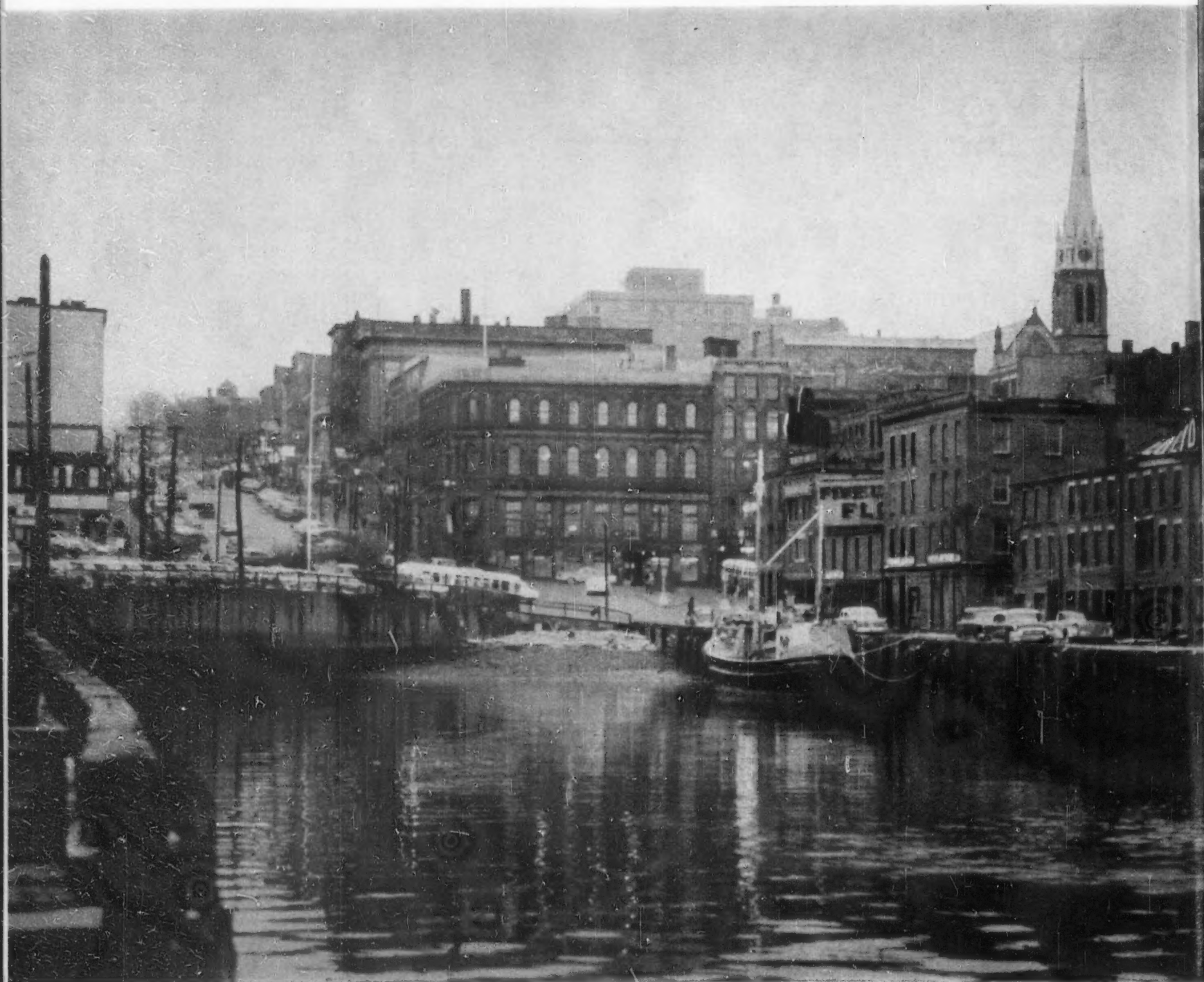
From this or any distance it's all too obvious that the coup in Iraq is a disaster for the West, even worse, if that is possible, than the tragedy of Suez twenty-one months ago. In the rather wobbly arch of Western defenses in the Middle East, Nuri Said's Iraq was the keystone—the lone Arab member of the Baghdad Pact; the stronger partner in the pro-Western Arab Union that rivaled Nasser's United Arab Republic; the big brother who kept feeble little Jordan from being hopelessly surrounded, outnumbered and overborne.

But in addition to being a calamity in itself, the revolt in Iraq also adds a new dimension to the other crises of the Middle East and North Africa. Some are closely and directly related to it, as in the Lebanon; others are remote and seemingly unrelated, as in Cyprus. But all are affected, and for the worse.

Now, in the middle week of July, events here are moving so violently and unpredictably that newspaper headlines seldom keep up with the news between press and street. U.S. Marines are digging in at Beirut as I write. A "liberation army" is reported forming in Jordan to march on Baghdad. What happens here in the next few months will be of critical importance to the entire world. These developments may be more understandable in the light of what I've learned in the last forty days.

In the days just before Baghdad—and there is deadly irony in reporting it—an observer on the spot couldn't avoid the impression that the crisis was easing. It would have been too strong to say the outlook was cheerful,

Continued on page 47



From Market Slip—no longer white with sail—King climbs the three most important blocks on the Bay of Fundy



The streets of Canada:

KING

The people of Saint John, N.B.,

stand on King to look at the past and into the future. Here

Loyalists spurned Benedict Arnold. Here Maritimers

built the world's fastest schooners. Here are monuments to

Fundy's elegant golden age and visions of a new one

TEXT BY **Ian Sclanders**

PICTURES WITHOUT WORDS BY **Horst Ehricht**

Gordon Brooks, a quiet man with a weather-beaten face, is captain of the Enid Hazel, a stubby sturdy freight boat that plies between Grand Manan, the largest island in the Bay of Fundy, and the New Brunswick mainland.

At old grey Saint John, where he unloads smoked herring and the red edible seaweed called dulse and other Grand Manan products, and loads such return cargo as diesel oil and feed grain and flour, Brooks ties the Enid Hazel in Market Slip at the foot of King Street. Then, to stretch his legs, he often trudges three blocks uphill to the head of King Street.

The walk, which is almost a climb, takes him past stores that sell everything a sailor needs, from an oarlock to a trawler engine, past the offices of railways and steamship lines, importers and exporters, timber brokers and stevedores, to King Square, a monument-studded park.

There, resting on a tree-shaded bench, he can look back downhill at the Enid Hazel—back down King Street.

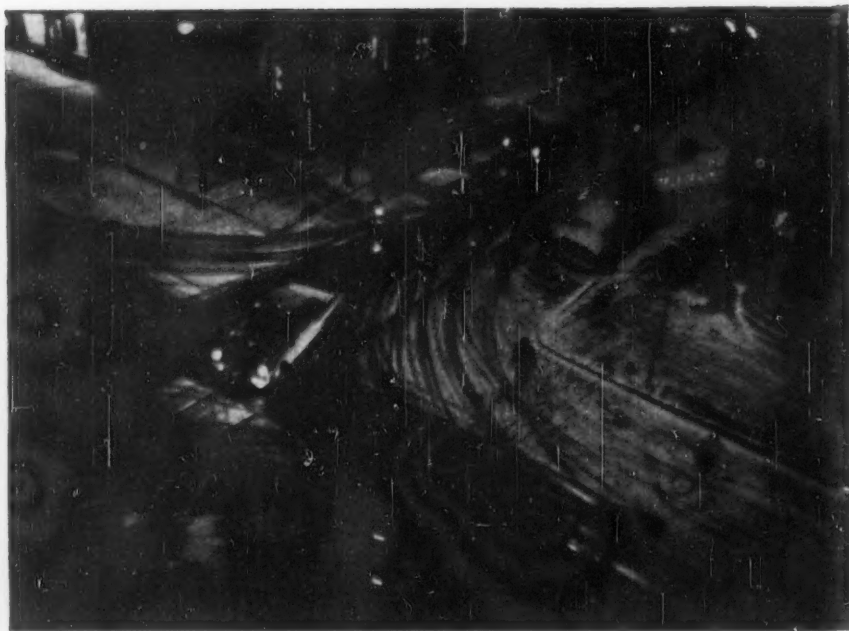
This odd, broad, steep, slightly drab thoroughfare has no tall or very distinguished buildings. It is only a fifth of a mile long. Yet it holds a special place in the history, heart and business of a whole rugged salt-crust region.

It's the main street of Saint John. But it's more than that. Saint John is the biggest city, commercial centre and chief port of the Bay of Fundy, so King Street runs through the lives of people in all the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia communities snuggled against Fundy's shores or fastened to Fundy's islands. It's where Fundy's brides buy their wedding dresses and Fundy's fishermen buy their nets.

Fundy's trade funnels through this street and Fundy's financiers have their paneled board rooms on it or just off it and in some of the board rooms there are paintings and models of windjammers—reminders of King Street's rich adventurous youth. For King Street's Golden Age, **continued over page** →



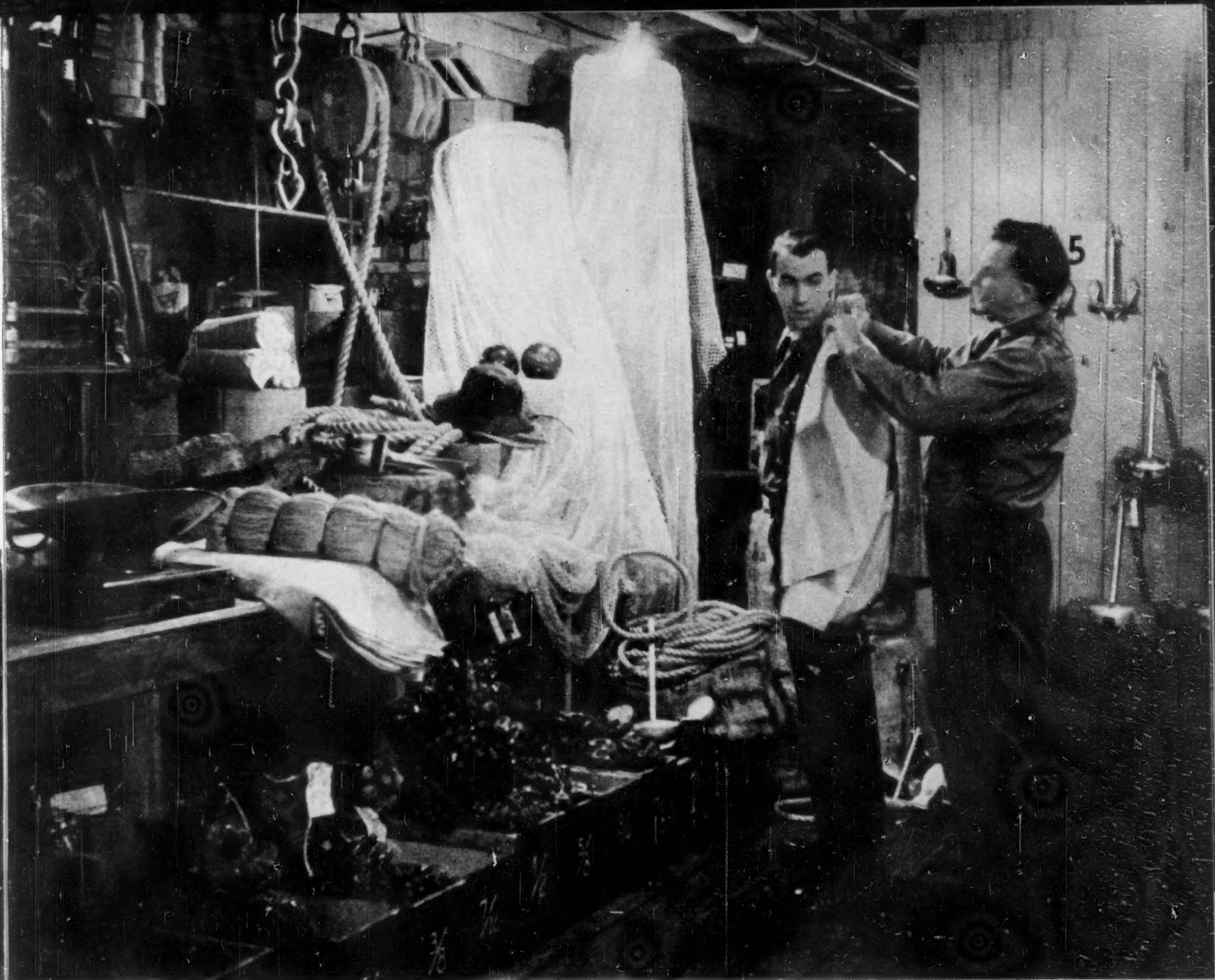
A century-old silver service,
an ornate façade, a tarry loft that
once supplied sail
for Indies cruises: these surround
the traffic of a
steep intersection by the sea



like Fundy's, was in the days of sail, when Fundy's tall ships and hard-driving skippers were known round the world. In those days King Street merchants owned fleets of full-riggers and barques and schooners. Their vessels lay in the harbor in clusters, like logs in a millpond.

John Climo, a photographer, trundled his heavy camera to King Square eighty or ninety years ago and pointed it at the water. In his pictures the masts in Market Slip, which now shelters two or three little freight boats like the Enid Hazel and an occasional tugboat, bristled like the spines of a sea urchin.

The masts are gone now, replaced by the smokestacks of steel liners and tramps that are far too large for Market Slip and lie at great concrete piers topped by metal freight sheds. A lot of the old King Street firms are gone too, replaced by the chain stores found on most main streets—Woolworth's, Zeller's, the Metropolitan. And, midway between Mar-



ket Slip and King Square, there's a bus depot with a loudspeaker blaring word of impending departures. There are lunch counters, tobacconists, and, for tourists, souvenir and antique shops.

But Captain Brooks of the *Enid Hazel*, walking up King Street, still passes landmarks caught by Climo's lens. And in venerable Saint John, which in 1785 became British North America's first incorporated city, and in which one generation tends to follow in the footsteps of another, Harold Climo, the present owner of Climo Studios, frequently photographs the landmarks photographed by John Climo, his grandfather. Among them are the Royal Hotel and Manchester Robertson Allison's department store.

The Royal stands on a site once occupied by an earlier hostelry, the Mallard House, where the first assembly of New Brunswick's legislators was held in 1786 and where New Brunswickers, in 1789, saw the first play put on in

their province—this after handbills had been distributed urging women to dress their hair "as low as possible" so as not to obstruct the view and warning them that children would not be permitted on their laps.

For a century the Royal has stood where the Mallard stood. In its dining room discerning guests eye massive silver trays and soup tureens that were new when the Royal was new and are collectors' items now. In the lobby a grey-haired desk clerk, A. B. McLean, whose nickname is "George," greets the middle-aged children and grown-up grandchildren of people whose luggage he carried as a bellhop before the First World War.

Manchester Robertson Allison's, the department store, which is next door to the Royal, is a sprawling emporium with forty-five departments and was founded in 1866. Among its most faithful customers are Maritimers who have moved to the United States or other parts of Canada and haven't been in Saint

John in years. They associate MRA's with the shopping excursions of their youth—with clothes and gifts bought for memorable occasions. Being sentimental about the store, they can't imagine it changing, and expect it to be able to provide merchandise they can buy nowhere else. When it can't, generally because a line is no longer manufactured, they write expressing surprise and disappointment. And, if absentee customers can't imagine MRA's changing, customers who shop in person don't want it to change—not much, anyway. They complain when a department is redecorated. "We could never modernize completely in one step," Lloyd Macdonald, MRA's general manager, says with a wistful shrug. "The public wouldn't let us."

As a concession to those who feel the store should look its age, a number of its departments have counters and shelves of Victorian vintage and clerks as dignified as the furnishings. Yet they offer the **continued on page 57**



The stage manager w

GRANIA MORTIMER'S

svelte glamour doesn't show on stage

—she's in the wings

unsnarling the traffic

with a confident ease that's won her

rating as Canada's best

backstage boss

BY BARBARA MOON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HORST EHRLICH



r who looks like a star

A stage manager is commonly supposed to be a practical sort of bloke who can wield a hammer, use a T-square, manhandle bulky flats, rig lights and deal with all the prosier facts of backstage life. He is tactfully kept out of sight of the theatregoers because he is not very glamorous.

The average theatregoer therefore thinks of a stage manager—if he thinks of one at all—as a brawny backstage straw boss with galluses, calluses and a good-natured bellow.

The average theatrical director, for his part, thinks of a stage manager as his regimental sergeant major—the tough, competent guy who licks the troops into proper shape to carry out his, the director's, inspired strategy.

The average actor thinks stage managers eat actors for breakfast.

None of them is apt to think of an SM—as a stage manager is known in the trade—in terms of a striking dark-browed beauty in her twenties, with a quiet boarding-school drawl and well-kept tapering fingers adorned with barbaric dinner rings. Yet Grania Geraldine MacIvor Mortimer, who is kept out of sight of the theatregoers, is not only as glamorous as many stars onstage front and centre; she is also ranked by many experts as the best stage manager in Canada.

On the face of it, Miss Mortimer is an unlikely candidate for the honor. In the gaudy, backstage world of the theatre she is an anomaly not only as a woman in a man's job but as a cool, grave school-prefect figure amid a great deal of mascara and sweat.



She hustles stage props (for Toronto's Spring Thaw) from the rehearsal hall to the theatre in her car.

In a notoriously tempestuous arena she so seldom raises her voice that a single "damn" when she barks a shin is enough to turn every head in the vicinity. In a business built, above all, on bold emphasis, Miss Mortimer for years camouflaged her five feet eight inches in bunched jeans, a thick sweater and a self-conscious stoop. Away from the theatre she wears town-and-country suits and adds prim gloves and a hat if she lunches in public.

In fact the only hint of flamboyance is the fierce brow, the straight-bridged nose and the short upper lip that suggest her admixture of eastern blood. Her maternal grandmother was Hindu.

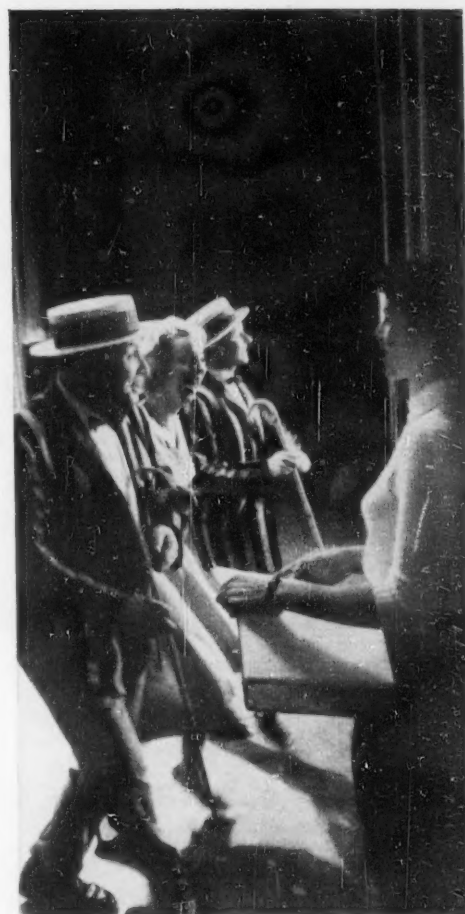
Otherwise her background is as remote from the theatrical as her manner. The fourth of five children of a wealthy Toronto lawyer and socialite, the late Arthur Beresford Mortimer, she went to private schools, spent her spare time riding horses from the family stable and left a pass course at the University of Toronto after a bare year and a half. She might easily have become the kind of dilettante debutante who thinks people become stagehands because they're just not good enough to act. But Miss Mortimer, who first became a prop girl because she wasn't good enough to act, is now so thorough a professional that she says crisply, "The only good stage manager is one who doesn't want to be anything but a good stage manager."

And she is so good a stage manager that, since she first took out her union card, in 1951, she has held most of the top SM's jobs in Canada, or had the refusal of them.

In 1951 she was an overweight, stolid, shy twenty-two-year-old, so stagestruck that she hung around the dressing rooms just to watch the stars putting on make-up. Even so, Leighton Brill, a shrewd U. S. showman who was producing summer theatre-in-the-round in Toronto, said flatly, "She's one of the best."

Today, at twenty-nine, she is svelte, self-possessed—and considerably less starry eyed about the theatre. "I'm a workman," she says matter-of-factly. And she has stage-managed top productions ranging from the first Canadian musical to play Toronto's Royal Alex, *Sunshine Town*, to the Stratford Music Festival, and from the McGill spoof-that-snowballed, *My Fur Lady*, to the National Ballet. In fact she is seldom without an assignment for more than a week or so. When she is at liberty she puts on weight again; but at the moment she is earning as much as many well-known Canadian actresses—about seven thousand dollars a year—and is staying slim.

Of all the jobs in the theatre, the one at which Miss Mortimer excels is perhaps the most plaguy—and indispensable. **continued on page 52**



She chides dancers Paul Kligman, Barbara Hamilton and Peter Mews for Spring Thaw rehearsal antics.

She pores over the show's "book" to straighten out stage directions, cues, lighting, curtain timing.





BANKER A. C. Ashforth (hatless) answers greeting at Moscow airport. Party later met Khrushchev.

TWENTY-NINE CANADIAN CAPITALISTS BRING BACK

An unusual new view of Russia

Recently a party of leading executives toured the Soviet, each looking hard at his own industry. They were impressed and disturbed. This report tells why



BUNDLED KIDS out sight-seeing were "cheerful and alert." Crèches care for them, mothers work.

By McKenzie Porter

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOUR MEMBERS
M. O. SIMPSON, JR., A. D. MCKEE

Although hundreds of Canadians have visited Russia in the years since Stalin's death, most of them have been communists, journalists, statesmen, diplomats or simple rubbernecks. Last April, however, Edgar T. Alberts, a Toronto insurance broker, organized a much less likely band of visitors to the Soviet scene. They were twenty-nine hard-headed Canadian businessmen, specialists in banking, stockbroking, merchandising, aviation, construction, engineering and mining, men of wealth and prestige, all fervent believers in capitalism. They returned with a new picture of Soviet life, and with facts and figures that contradict many popular conceptions of the Russian economy, character and attitude.

Some of the information they collected may be open to dispute, but they took careful notes on what they saw and were told. "They were not the type of men," says Alberts, "who would allow their deep disapproval of communism to blind them to the realities of Russian achievement or to color accounts of what they saw."

MOSCOW BY NIGHT, bright with neon and thronged



W. R. McLachlan, president of Orenda Engines Ltd., of Toronto, sums up in six words the feelings of himself and his companions about the trip. He says, "It was frustrating, fascinating and frightening."

The group was frustrated by the contented looks of almost every Russian it saw and by the realization that the USSR is very unlikely to collapse from within or move toward Western standards of political democracy. It was fascinated by the pace at which Russia is drawing abreast of the West in the production of machines, aircraft, cars, appliances and many other symbols of abundance. And it was frightened by signs of Russia's impending capacity to dominate the world not necessarily with ICBMs and Sputniks but through scientific superiority in peaceful enterprises—a superiority that appeared to be within Russian capabilities.

Some members of the party, including John David Eaton, president of The T. Eaton Company Ltd., predict that "within fifteen years Rus-



POWER BOAT DRIVERS showed the party the Black Sea resort area at Sochi. Standard holiday is 28 days.

ged for May Day, contradicts sombre views often published.



sia will surpass the United States economically."

The Russians set such great importance on the Canadian visitors that Premier Khrushchev spent an hour and forty minutes in their company. Yet the Canadians were entertained only modestly. They saw no evidence of high life and they never felt that the Russians were trying to buy their good will.

Save for a free ride in a Russian aircraft from London to Moscow the Canadians paid all their own expenses. The trip cost each member an average of thirty-five hundred dollars. Since they spent only twelve days in Russia the businessmen do not profess to be authorities on Soviet life. They are merely reporting what they saw and heard.

The group watched adequately clad, amply fed workers operating up-to-date equipment in congenial conditions at modern factories, mines and construction projects. It saw bright, healthy, happy-looking children exhibiting pride and honesty. It met intelligent, relaxed and genial university students who enjoy books, opera records, ballet productions and chess. And it was guided by good-humored officials who were ready to show anything save armaments and military installations. "They showed us," says P. C. Garratt, managing director of de Havilland Aircraft of Canada Ltd., "more than we would have shown them."

In some details of industrial development—in steam shoveling, pile driving, dam building, power transmission, steel forging and flour milling, for example—various members of the party noted technology that is ahead of the West's. Several Canadians observed Russian automobiles, bicycles, refrigerators, television sets and toys rolling off the assembly lines "like chewing gum." The entire party flew in a jet-propelled passenger aircraft that was less luxurious than those of the West, but apparently just as good mechanically. They rode in trains drawn by the latest type of diesel locomotive, and though by Western standards the washrooms were primitive and accommodation was cramped, these trains were punctual, rapid, quiet, smooth and clean.

It still takes two and a half Russians, the party discovered, to match in one hour the production of an average Canadian worker. Russian homes, it decided, are jerry-built **continued on page 35**



She went to Quebec

On this page, scenes from Barbara Hurley's stay in a *Canadien* home.



She went to Ontario

Overleaf, Venita Samson's happy holiday with a Toronto family.

How to win friends and really learn French (or English)

A little-known scheme called Visites Interprovinciales has cracked the secret: learn the other language by living with it. Does it work? Look at the astounding spectacle of the French-speaking Tories from Toronto who helped take Quebec

BY ERIC HUTTON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SAM TATA & ALEX DELLOW

To the prolonged post-mortem on Quebec's sensational defeat of the Liberal party, a Montreal businessman recently contributed this afterthought: "Few people outside the province realize that the Conservatives used a secret campaign weapon. Never before have so many Ontario politicians come into Quebec willing, and sometimes even able, to speak to French Canadians in French."

The Liberals might have taken warning from the short session of parliament between general elections. Many new Conservative members, even from diehard-English Toronto ridings, showed an unprecedented readiness to break into French. Speaker Roland Michener, far from being the traditionally English-speaking successor to a previous French-Canadian Speaker, proved fluent in parliament's "other language."

Then, in the last election campaign, the Conservative board of strategy sprang its surprise. A spate of Ontario cabinet and sub-cabinet members wooed the surprised and delighted Quebec electors in their own tongue. George Hees, Donald Fleming and James Macdonnell, all cabinet ministers from Toronto, were the French-speaking spearhead; parliamentary assistants from Toronto like Arthur Maloney,

John Hamilton and David Walker manfully essayed whole speeches in French.

"It certainly had a psychological effect in our favor," Walker admits. "Scarcely an English-speaking Liberal from Ontario ventured into Quebec, except Lester Pearson — and even Mr. Diefenbaker could match *his* French. The prime minister's, admittedly, isn't good. But he kept working at it and was a little better each time out. Quebec gave him 'E' for effort. That's the point. You don't have to speak the language perfectly to please French-speaking Canadians. Make an honest effort and they'll meet you more than halfway with disregard of your mistakes and appreciation for your good intentions."

An important arsenal of the Conservatives' secret weapons is a little-publicized and totally non-political organization known as Visites Interprovinciales. The principal function of *Visites* is to arrange informal social visits between Quebec and Ontario people as house guests of each other for weeks or even whole summers at a time, in order to learn each other's language and understand each other's customs, culture, outlook and way of life. By far the most important by-product of *Visites*, though, has been to make **continued over page**



TRADING CUISINE NOTES—and phrases—

Cooking, worshipping,
romping, sightseeing with this
Canadien family, a
Toronto teen-ager learns about
French verbs—and the
French-Canadian way of life

WORSHIPPING at morning mass in Sillery, Barbara—who is herself Catholic—takes part in the Belangers' devotions.



with her hostess, Barbara Hurley begins her stay in Sillery, Que. Chatter flies briskly between the Toronto 17-year-old, Paule and Lucie Belanger and their widowed mother.



RIFLING THE DICTIONARY for a translation of "squeal" follows a romp with young Lucie Belanger.



CYCLING to nearby Quebec City with Paule Belanger and friends, Barbara explores the historic terrain.

NEXT PAGE: A YOUNG CANADIENNE IN TORONTO ▶

personal friends of scores of French- and English-speaking families who otherwise would never have known of each other's existence.

For its first ten years the *Visites*' headquarters was a desk drawer in the study of James Biggar, history master at Upper Canada College in Toronto. Biggar originated the idea (with a membership of two teen-aged boys) in 1936. Any connection between the organization and the Conservatives has been purely coincidental. After the war Biggar sought the Ontario government's help for his project. He not only got a small grant, but aroused the interest of Roland Michener, then provincial secretary. The Micheners enrolled their three daughters for *Visites* and themselves became in turn hosts and guests of new-found French-Canadian friends. Later Mrs. Michener joined the organization and helped in its expansion.

Word of the *Visites* spread among Michener's colleagues. David Walker, later to be MP for Rosedale, made no fewer than four *Visites* with his family. Mr. and Mrs. George Hees brushed up their French in an exchange of hospitality with a Quebec family. Other future Conservative front-benchers either enrolled themselves or caught up with their high-school French via their children's Quebec guests.

The "political wing" of *Visites* is, of course, only a small and accidental segment of the plan. This year nearly fifteen hundred Quebec and Ontario families will become temporarily bilingual as hosts or guests. That will bring to more than sixteen thousand the number of individuals or families who have lived in each other's homes, spoken each other's language, played, eaten and discussed viewpoints with each other. The organization has expanded from Biggar's desk drawer to offices in Toronto, Quebec City and Montreal and representatives in Ottawa, London, Ont., Belleville, Chicoutimi, Baie-St. Paul, Roberval, Granby, Mont Joli, Montmagny, and Shawinigan Falls.

"And in 1936 when it all started I not only didn't know a single French Canadian personally," recalls Biggar, "but I didn't even know anyone who knew a French Canadian. When I realized that, it made the idea seem all the more urgent."

Two decades ago there was more than a lack of acquaintanceship separating Toronto and French-speaking Quebec. A Canadian who moved to Toronto about that time recalls: "To speak French in an elevator or any public place was to draw stares of curiosity, almost of incredulity. And, often enough to be embarrassing, a hearer would growl, 'Speak English, man—you're in Toronto now.' But back home my friends and relatives were no more tolerant. They genuinely couldn't understand how I could bear to live among such unpleasant people as Torontonians must be. I haven't encountered anything like that, on either side of the provincial border, for some years now."

What brought Biggar's plan for interprovincial amity into existence was the return of a group of Upper Canada College boys, full of a trip they had made into unknown territory, the mining region of Northern Ontario. It struck Biggar that it might have been more instructive if they had become acquainted with another "unknown" part of Canada—Quebec and its people. He mentioned this in class and two boys, George Grant and Kenneth Ramsay,

promptly volunteered for the pioneer experiment.

The first hitch was that Grant couldn't afford the forty-dollar return fare. His father had recently died and it was mid-depression. Then Biggar told him he had found a man willing to put up the money to further the experiment. "It wasn't until years later I found out that the man was Jim Biggar himself—and I'm sure he couldn't afford it at the time," Grant says.

The founder no longer has to finance his project out of his own pocket, but he still believes that no organization with a budget as small as the *Visites*' seventeen thousand dollars a year influences the lives of so many people. "We could quadruple our program and still do no more than scratch the surface of the job that remains to be done," he says.

Biggar solved the problem of where to send his pioneer members in the summer of 1936 by tracking down a Toronto man who knew a Montreal man who knew a French Canadian who in turn persuaded two friends to take the Toronto boys into their homes at a nominal charge for board and lodging. Grant and Ramsay each spent a month, separately, with Abbé Georges Robitailles, a Joliet County parish priest, and Dr. Victor Morin, a remarkable Montrealer who was (and still is at ninety-three) a *notaire*, banker, historian, author and connoisseur of fine food and wine.

Biggar's hope that a few weeks in a Quebec home might broaden a student's outlook and brush up his French proved to be a modest estimate from the very start. That summer visit, repeated the next year, had a profound effect on the lives of both boys.

"Kenneth came home chattering like a magpie in French," recalls Ramsay's mother, Mrs. A. Gordon Ramsay. "The Morins were no longer the strange foreign people he had set out to visit. They had become *Oncle Victor*, *Tante Alphonsine* and *Cousins Gisèle*, *Claire*, *Marie*, *Renée*, *Roland*, *Guy*, *Roger* and *Jacques*." Ramsay entered Canada's foreign service and is now the fluently French-speaking commercial secretary of the Canadian embassy in Brussels.

Grant, now professor of philosophy at Dalhousie University, recalls that at sixteen he thought of the trip as an expedition into an uncivilized hinterland. His father had been principal of Upper Canada College, and he had grown up in a rarefied social and intellectual atmosphere. "But the Morins opened my eyes," he says. "They weren't wealthy, but they were far more civilized and cultured than any family I knew in Toronto."

Grant was floored when the Morins' grandson Jacques, two years his junior, tried to draw him into breakfast-table discussions of the classical French authors and the religious doctrine of transubstantiation. "I didn't even know what the word meant," Grant admitted recently, "and my knowledge of classical authors began and ended with Shakespeare, who was being pressed on us in school. Besides, meal-times at the Morins were not occasions to be wasted in discussions. After twenty years I can still taste those perfect meals, each with appropriate wines. Among Dr. Morin's dozens of interests he was the founder of a gastronomic society and the most eminent figures of Quebec angled for invitations continued on page 32



FAMILY CIRCLE of the Milton Weisses, of

An evening at home, a session
with a Mixmaster, and
an afternoon out for grooming
and good food—they all
help the Quebec girl
master English words and ways

CHOCOLATE CAKE is made French-style but Venita explains the recipe in English, with the aid of a pocket dictionary.



Toronto, expands to take in Quebec 20-year-old Venita Samson, here helping Bobby Weiss with his French homework. Trudy, at piano, and Geoffrey jabbered in English.



HAIR-DRIER SESSION finds Venita still hard at her English—a fashion magazine.



LUNCHEON MENU poses problems Venita can't yet cope with. Everyone smiles—but according to the rules: no English, no lunch.





This is the harrowing story of
a lonely man's ordeal among demented drivers, wise guys and
livestock on Toronto's toughest line.

If you've ever ridden a fifty-two seater you'll be shaken by

The awful revelations of a streetcar driver

BY JOHN MOWRY as told to ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL ROCKETT

For five years I've operated a streetcar on Toronto's Bloor Street line. This is a ten-mile cross-town route that carries forty million passengers a year through some of the most congested traffic on the continent. It's the busiest line in the city, and one of the busiest in the world. It connects with thirty-two other routes. In rush hours it's serviced by 117 cars, 112 of them coupled in pairs so that two cars can get through traffic as one vehicle. If many more cars are put on Bloor they'll all have to be connected and used like a conveyor belt. Work will soon be started to replace the whole line with a subway.

The way I see it, surface-car service can't be pushed much further, and someday not too far from now the streetcar operator will go the way of the lamp lighter and bare-knuckle prize fighter. There'll probably be a model of Toronto's last streetcar operator in the Royal Ontario Museum, with some inscription like: "A typical operator as he looked just before excavation." In the meantime, I've started to shift over to driving buses. Operating a Bloor streetcar began to get me down. I started moaning and groaning in my sleep, dreaming of Volkswagens coming to a dead stop in front of me and slamming on my brakes so hard I nearly shoved the end out of my bed. I went to the doctor. He told me to sit the way I did at my job, felt my muscles and said they were as hard as cue balls and I'd have to learn to relax. I figured I'd have a better chance if I got off Bloor Street and drove buses. I was right. I like driving buses.

But I still take out a Bloor run occasionally and every time I do I get wound up tighter than the Luttrell Avenue loop. Most of the reasons don't show up in traffic statistics. Sometimes I think people hate me. They don't when I'm driving a bus. They treat a bus as a vehicle provided for their convenience, driven by a man doing his job. A streetcar is just

something that was always there, like the sidewalks, with this goldbricker up front who doesn't care when he keeps them waiting twenty minutes. People on Bloor always wait twenty minutes. Never eight minutes, or ten minutes.

"I've been waiting twenty minutes," they snap. "How'd you enjoy the beer?"

I like beer as well as the next guy, but I don't leave my streetcar parked out in the middle of Bloor to nip in for one. What I've been doing when I'm late is fighting motorists. They race me to parked cars, and when I slam on my brakes to keep from giving their tail fins a really forward look, they pull in front of me. I can do a lot of things with a streetcar, but I haven't figured out yet how to pick up the tracks and put them in a new place, or how to make a thirty-seven-thousand-pound vehicle with an eighteen-thousand-pound human load stop as fast as a Jaguar. Yet motorists seem to think I can do both.

There's a score sheet at division headquarters where accidents are entered. Every operator's ambition is to have an accident-free year. I've never made it. The closest I came was seven months. Then one afternoon rush hour I was westbound at Spadina and started to overtake a girl automobile-driving-school student. I was overly cautious. But when I started to pass, the instructor, evidently an old streetcar fighter, gave the girl emergency instructions. She floored the accelerator, pulled past my car and cut in front of me, where she came to a dead stop. I gave the car all three braking systems, which include electro-magnets that drop on the tracks, and a spray of sand for better friction. I added a fourth—will power. As I bore down in a shower of sparks, the girl put a pinky out the window and indicated her turn. She pointed the wrong direction on a one-way street and I pulverized her tail light. She was so scared she couldn't **continued on page 42**

← DRIVER MOWRY'S patience wears thin. Live geese are admittedly rare, but he's had eggs in the fare box.

Sweet & sour

Does anybody here understand plain Canadian?

BY KEN LEFOLII

The news that researchers at the University of Alberta are at work compiling a dictionary of Canadian English so that we will soon, as the Canadian Press put it, "have a dictionary of our own," is Jake with me. I just wonder if it's going to be the practical guide to the Canadian language that visitors have been crying for since Hochelaga. If it is, it will have to include Canadianisms like these:

National heritage: Anything left lying in the ground until some foreigners come along and start digging it up. At this point it becomes "squandered national heritage."

One-party rule: A Liberal majority in the House of Commons.

Democracy in action: A Conservative majority in the House of Commons.

Canadian football player: Any U.S. citizen who played football in college well enough to get his name in the papers, so that when

he comes here to play Canadians will pay to watch him.

Culture: Any entertainment selected for exposure to Canadians by the CBC; e.g. Have Gun, Will Travel (Sat. evgs., 7 p.m.), etc.

Pernicious cultural influences: Canned commercial entertainments, usually produced outside Canada, that the CBC is subsidized by the people to protect them against; e.g. Have Gun, Will Travel, etc.

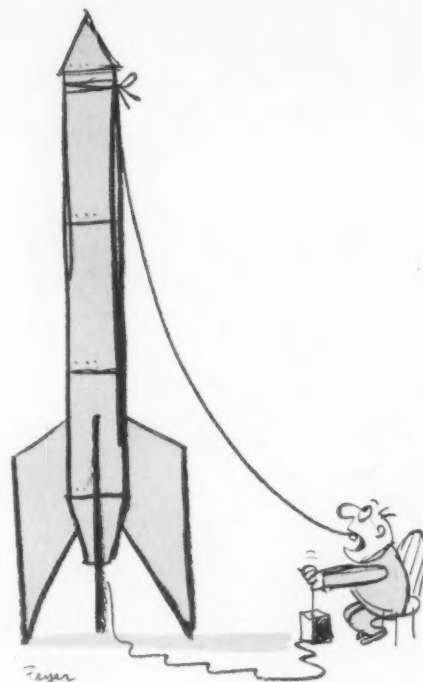
Liquor control board: Large chain-store in the wines and spirits trade.

The True North, Strong and Free: Line in song. Also large region distinguished by lack of central heating, best left to United States Air Force personnel.

There's a whole dictionary-full more, but by now the researchers at the University of Alberta will know what they're up against, so let's leave it with them.



"What the hell do you mean, Toronto isn't ready for big-league ball?"



Why doctors make a good thing of it

BY PARKE CUMMINGS

"I don't need rubbers, ma. It's hardly raining at all."

"Don't be foolish! I can go another set. Serve 'em up."

"Never mind the ladder, porter. If I can't climb into an upper berth by myself I hope they put me in the old men's home."

"Don't bother to come downstairs with the scissors. Just throw them to me."

"Quit worrying, will you? He hasn't the slightest intention of biting you!"

"All right, son. I'm the defensive right guard, and you try to block me out of the play."


"Don't be so finicky. I'm sure these oysters are perfectly good."

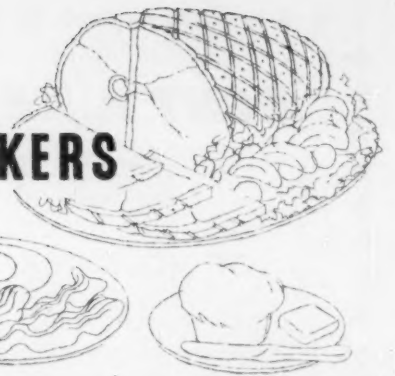
"Take off your glasses and repeat that statement!"

Well, it's one way out

About the only thing you can do without being criticized for it is admit you are wrong.

Lois F. Pasley

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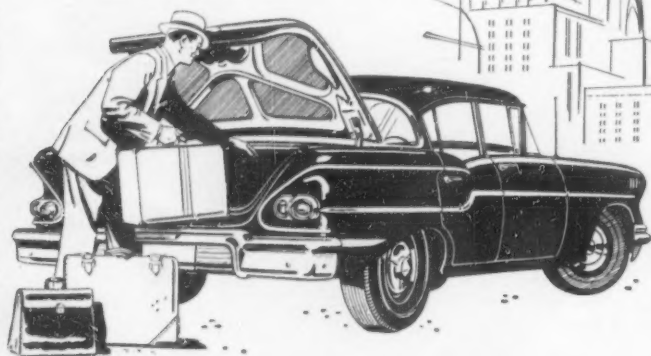
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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



BEST BET

ORDERS TO KILL: Derservedly acclaimed this summer at Canada's Stratford Festival, this is a poignant and powerful drama from Britain, starring a young Canadian named Paul Massie. His role is that of a warrior, jaunty but sensitive, who is secretly assigned to liquidate a suspected traitor in the French underground. His target turns out to be a friendly little man, fond of children and cats—and the story rushes on to a really shattering conclusion. Director Anthony Asquith's excellent cast also includes Irene Worth, Eddie Albert and James Robertson Justice.

FROM HELL TO TEXAS: A handsome, uncomplicated western. Its main character (Don Murray) is an affable young cowhand who has killed two brothers in self-defense, and now is being pursued up hill and down dale by the dead men's kinfolk. Our boy's allies include Diane Varsi and Chill Wills.

HOT SPELL: Some of the forces destroying family solidarity in modern society are examined with unusual candor in a sort of superior soap opera from Hollywood. Anthony Quinn is the restless husband, and Shirley Booth his fat-and-forty spouse, a woman afraid to confront the realities of life.

IMITATION GENERAL: A fair slapstick comedy about a sergeant (Glenn Ford) who masquerades as a brass-hat while battling the Germans in France. Squeamish footnote: violent death, to either friend or foe, is seldom funny.

THE PROUD REBEL: Not even one of Alan Ladd's most wooden performances can stop this from qualifying as a pleasant and sometimes stirring frontier drama. Eleven-year-old David Ladd makes an auspicious debut as a boy shocked into muteness by Civil War horrors. With Olivia de Havilland.

THE LAW AND JAKE WADE: A chuckling hellion (Richard Widmark) and a stern, silent lawman (Robert Taylor) are the opponents in this action-packed western, a catalogue of cactus clichés. Rating: fair.

GILMOUR'S GUIDE TO THE CURRENT CROP

... And God Created Woman: Sexy French melodrama. Poor.

Bitter Victory: War drama. Fair.

The Bravados: Western. Good.

The Bridge on the River Kwai: Action drama. Tops.

The Brothers Karamazov: Drama. Good.

Camp on Blood Island: Drama. Fair.

Carve Her Name With Pride: True-life espionage drama. Good.

Chase a Crooked Shadow: British suspense thriller. Good.

Cry Terror!: Suspense. Good.

Desire Under the Elms: Sexy farm melodrama. Good.

The Enemy Below: War at sea. Good.

Gigi: Musical. Excellent.

The Goddess: Drama. Fair.

God's Little Acre: Comedy-drama of Deep South. Good.

Gunman's Walk: Western. Good.

The Haunted Strangler: Horror. Fair.

High Cost of Loving: Comedy. Good.

Horror of Dracula: Gruesome melodrama, but good of its type.

I Married a Woman: Comedy. Poor.

Just My Luck: Comedy. Poor.

The Key: War-and-love drama. Good.

Kings Go Forth: War drama. Good.

The Long, Hot Summer: Deep South comedy-drama. Good.

The Mark of the Hawk: Africa race-hate drama. Fair.

The Matchmaker: Comedy. Fair.

Merry Andrew: Comedy. Good.

Miracle in Soho: Comedy. Fair.

Miracle of Marcellino: Drama. Good.

The Naked Truth: Comedy. Good.

No Time for Sergeants: Comedy. Fair.

Now That April's Here: All-Canadian four-story "package." Fair.

Paris Holiday: Comedy. Fair.

Paths of Glory: Drama. Excellent.

Rififi: French crime drama. Good.

Rooney: British comedy. Good.

Run Silent, Run Deep: Submarine drama. Good.

Saddle the Wind: Western. Good.

The Sheepman: Western comedy-drama. Good.

South Pacific: Musical. Good.

Stakeout on Dope Street: Narcotics melodrama. Fair.

Teacher's Pet: Comedy. Good.

Ten North Frederick: Drama. Good.

This Angry Age: Drama. Fair.

Vertigo: Mystery and suspense. Good.

The Vikings: Historical adventure drama. Good.

Violent Playground: Drama. Fair.

Windom's Way: Drama. Good.

Witness for the Prosecution: Courtroom comedy-drama. Good.



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How to really learn French (or English) continued from page 24

One Visite introduction has led to forty-six friendships

to the gourmet banquets he held periodically."

Since the majority of *Visites* participants have been growing boys and girls it is not surprising that some of their most vivid recollections concern food. Quebec hospitality is such that many Ontario youngsters come home as much as twenty pounds heavier. When Muriel Stevens, daughter of a Bowmanville dairy owner, was fourteen she visited the family of Amadee Harvey who runs a dairy and farm on Lake St. John near Chicoutimi. The Harveys insisted that she become one of the family—and eat like them.

"That meant that every time my plate was empty it would immediately be refilled and Madame Harvey would chide me for 'eating like a bird,'" she recalls. "As a result I gained fifteen pounds in five weeks and it took me years to get it off."

Muriel Stevens had been warned by schoolmates to be cautious of the "wild life" in Quebec, and when the Harvey family invited her to join them in a "liqueur" she declined in alarm—and found herself drinking water while the family quaffed lemon soda. The Stevens and the Harveys have since become close friends and exchange visits almost every year. Nowadays they laugh at the early difficulties of learning each other's language and becoming acquainted with the other's province. Once the Harveys asked Muriel if she could swim. "Of course," she answered, "I live right on Lake Ontario." "Ah," they warned, "but Lake St. John is a big lake."

One Toronto girl came home with a taste for maple syrup on her breakfast eggs. Another missed a luxury to which she had become accustomed, "a huge block of maple sugar on the sideboard that we could cut hunks off any time we wanted." Several have demanded home-made bread just like their hostesses baked in outdoor ovens. A boy with a hearty appetite sighed for the sumptuous Saturday night suppers featuring a huge pot of brown beans and numerous side dishes. "Tell me how they did it and I'll try," his mother said, but hastily withdrew her offer when the boy answered:

"I'm not sure—but Madame and the four girls spent all of Saturday in the kitchen doing it."

A Three Rivers schoolboy who spent a summer in Toronto was asked by his parents what Toronto people ate. He made a face. "Very strange food," he said. "Ground-up alfalfa, carrot juice, nuts—stuff like that." By chance he had been directed to the home of a food faddist with unorthodox ideas about nutrition.

The interprovincial visitors absorb a great deal more than each other's gastronomy, however. Last year eight girls from Havergal College, a Toronto private school, spent their holidays with Quebec families. In the fall they returned to the fourth form at Havergal, but they were so far ahead of their year in French that now they take French lessons with the fifth form.

At East York Collegiate in suburban Toronto, more than a thousand pupils speak French only during French periods and interest in the subject is so high that Principal W. D. A. Douglas finds it necessary to curb the enthusiasm of his French teachers to avoid encroachment

on other parts of the curriculum. "And our very best French students are those who have been on *Visites*," says Miss Madeline Lake, head of East York's French department. Biggar finds that a *Visite* has become almost a "must" for honor French course students at the University of Toronto.

The success of the *Visites*' other objective, the creation of better relations between French- and English-speaking Canadians, is a more subtle matter and not easy to pin down statistically. Young people are not given to philosophizing on such things. They do, however, absorb a great many practical ideas. After four boys from St. Stanislas, a Christian Brothers secondary school in Montreal, visited East York Collegiate and lived at the homes of four Toronto students, Marc Dansereau reported to his schoolmates on two important discoveries:

"At East York Institute many subjects are optional. Had we such a liberty, maybe some of our teachers wouldn't be too busy."

"There are boys and girls in the same classes. Lucky boys! Lucky girls!"

Probably the best indication of the crumbling of Ontario-Quebec barriers is the manner in which the parents have followed up their children's visits. An example is the Kennedy-Begin entente.

Ninth-generation newcomer

In 1951 Sandra Kennedy, teen-aged daughter of Jack Kennedy, treasurer of General Foods, Ltd., Toronto, paid a visit to the family of Hon. Joseph Begin, Quebec's minister of colonization. It was, the Begins revealed, the first time an Ontario resident had entered their home as a guest. Next year Nicole, eldest of the seven Begin children, returned the visit, and did something she would never have dreamed of doing at home—she took a job behind a counter. In Dutch costume she presided over a cheese exhibit at the Canadian National Exhibition.

Nicole's accent intrigued an exhibition visitor. "And how long have you been in this country?" he asked.

She answered demurely: "Nine generations."

That fall the Begins visited the Kennedys and it was the first time they had had French Canadians in their home. When the Kennedys were guests at the Begin summer place at Lac des Neiges, Mrs. Kennedy had a birthday and the Begins surprised her with a cake decorated with Quebec's *fleur de lis*. "We couldn't find out Ontario's symbolic flower," they apologized. Since then the Begins have become familiar with the multitudes of trilliums at the Kennedys' summer cottage in Muskoka.

The Begin-Kennedy friendship has expanded into nearly a dozen families in both provinces. On first-name terms of intimacy now are the families of Paul Godbout, a Quebec grain merchant; Gérard Tardiff, a Pointe Claire executive; Mayor Guay of Sillery, Que.; Howard Crossan, a Toronto typewriter-company official; Clarence McQuillin, an advertising-agency vice-president; Ralph Christie, a Toronto manufacturer; and Frank Hubbel, hardware and lumber dealer of Huntsville. This summer young Michel Begin is working in the Hubbel hardware store while his friend Jack Hubbel

works for one of the Quebec companies in which Begin, Sr., has an interest.

In all, forty-six French- and English-speaking Canadians, adults and youngsters, now share each other's way of life through a single "introduction" made by *Visites Interprovinciales*. All the families adhere to an agreement that only English is spoken among them when in Ontario, only French in Quebec.

"The only inequality is that our Quebec friends give us better fishing than we can give them," says Kennedy.

In cases like the Kennedys and the Begins, as with dozens more in which firm interfamily friendships have been established, the *Visites* cease to play an active role. "In other words," says Biggar, "our objective is to be self-liquidating. We look to the time when English- and French-speaking Canadians get to know each other as a matter of course and an organization like ours won't be necessary."

Meanwhile, though, the *Visites* are expanding the methods by which the two races can become acquainted. The basic procedure of one member of a family becoming the guest of an "opposite number" in the latter's home is considered ideal for a first visit. Brothers or sisters visiting together is discouraged since they tend to seek refuge in each other's company when they run into language difficulties or become homesick. In such exchanges, the visitors are non-paying guests and the only costs involved are for travel.

Many families in both provinces, unable to exchange visits, welcome guests who either pay a nominal board or receive board, lodging and pocket money in return for helping with housework and baby care, much as an elder daughter of the family might. But *Visites* officials keep a wary eye for cheaters who have no interest in the organization's objectives but are delighted with the prospect of getting "a little French maid" for small wages.

Even when a young visitor is treated like a loved member of the family, homesickness is a problem. This is especially true of Quebec children whose life is usually more bound up in home and family than Ontario youngsters'. Hosts and hostesses have been known to take extraordinary steps to cheer up their visitors. One Toronto society woman asked a sad little Quebec farm girl, "What would you be doing if you were at home now, dear?"

"Preserving," said the girl. "It is my favorite time."

Her hostess, who had never engaged in this activity, ordered a bushel of strawberries. For the rest of her visit the girl happily supervised an endless succession of steaming kettles in the bemused woman's immaculate kitchen and pressed "madame" into the unaccustomed task of putting down dozens of quarts of jam.

"Heaven knows where I'll put them," she told her amused husband.

A small-town Quebec girl, guest of a Toronto company president and his wife, moped for days. Her host tried to beguile her by a visit to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club. He was the club's croquet champion, and offered to teach the girl this tricky game.

"Oh, I have played it," she said. And proceeded to prove it by trouncing the



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champion in three straight games—after which her homesickness disappeared.

When the couple's own fifteen-year-old daughter returned from her visit, they asked if she had been homesick.

"Heavens, no," she answered. "I learned to drive a car." Her Quebec host was the mayor and undertaker of his town. "They let me drive the mourners' limousine," she explained.

One of the questions most frequently asked by Ontario parents is, "But will my children learn correct French in Quebec?" Abbé Arthur Maheux, archivist of

Laval University, a council member of *Visites* from its early days and one of Quebec's chief exponents of understanding between French- and English-speaking Canadians, says:

"Ontario people often talk of Quebec French as 'not Parisian French.' That is silly and should be demolished forever. I know only one Parisian French, and that is a jargon more corrupt than the Cockney of London. In France about three hundred varieties of French are spoken—and Quebec French is as good and correct as any of them."

The only corruption in Quebec French is in the field of mechanics. Instruction books for various types of machinery are written in English and Quebec mechanics have adopted them in "Frenchified" versions. A motorist with a leaking radiator recently stopped at a Quebec garage and explained in careful French, "*Monsieur, mon réservoir est brisé.*" The mechanic looked puzzled. Then he examined the car and exclaimed: "*Ah, votre boiler est buste!*"

The learning of the "other language" is not always the objective of *Visites*.

For many youngsters of both provinces who take summer jobs ("We must compete with gas for the boys' jalopies and the girls' desire for new clothes," says Biggar) the *Visites* organize long-week-end supervised visits in groups of thirty or forty. These don't match summer-long home visits in effectiveness, but they do give larger numbers of youngsters an intensive glimpse of how the other province lives.

Visites and the preparation for a career are often combined. In Toronto, Simpsons Ltd. employs about a hundred bilingual workers and many of these have obtained their jobs after learning English on *Visites*. Last summer two teen-aged girls, Madeleine Pépin of Montmagny and Raymonde Gagnon of Chicoutimi, spent two months with Toronto families and learned enough English to get good jobs in Simpsons mail-order office. Another *Visites* graduate, Marie Belleau, is credit manager of the Quebec sales office.

Although teen-agers form the majority of *Visites* participants, there's no age limit. Children as young as eight have taken part, and one of the keenest members is Dr. Robert Mann, a Toronto physician in his seventies who spends part of each summer with a Quebec family. "I decided I had to learn more about Quebec after reading Marie Chapdelaine," said Dr. Mann. "I've perfected my French to the point where I can converse freely with any one member of my host's family at a time. My ambition is to be able to understand the family's rapid-fire torrent of cross-talk at the dinner table. I haven't come close yet."

When Edward Lewkowski, a Moncton, N.B., businessman, opened a Montreal branch of his company, Canada Brokers and Distributors, he decided to learn French. He applied to *Visites* for an introduction to a Canadian family, with whom he is now living happily and rapidly learning the language. A number of national companies have found homes for employees transferred to Quebec through *Visites* and testify that their staff members rapidly acquire a working knowledge of French.

This year *Visites* has introduced still another project, the "twinning" of Ontario and Quebec cities for the exchange of visits. Roger Lapointe of the Canadian Council of Christians and Jews, who is *Visites*' Montreal representative, has organized twenty cities as twins, and this July there was a mass transmigration of twenty-five boys and girls from each city for a two-week visit as guests of the civic officials and service clubs. They will stay in homes from which children have gone to the opposite city. The "twinning" communities are Hamilton-Shawinigan, Windsor-Granby, Welland-Sorel, London-Quebec City, Three Rivers-St. Catharines, Oshawa-Rimouski, Sarnia-Rivière du Loup, Kitchener-Sherbrooke, Brantford-Chicoutimi and Niagara Falls-Jonquière.

The reactions of nearly six hundred youngsters to their new environment will, of course, come in many varieties. But Roger Lapointe, who has conducted many group visits, can give a shrewd guess at their main stream of thought. "When they are going," he says, "they will worry and wonder about all the differences they will encounter in a strange city. On their way back all the talk will be of how alike so many things are." ★

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An unusual new view of Russia continued from page 21

"They're out to subject us by beating us in world trade. If we don't watch out, they will"

and overcrowded. Russian clothing is drab, shoddy and badly cut. High heels, nylons, lipsticks, hairdos and other aids to western-style sex appeal are rare. And in the Western sense night clubs, cocktail bars, cabarets and good-time girls do not exist.

"But," says Harold McNamara, president of Toronto's McNamara Construction Company Ltd., "the Russians know they are badly dressed and poorly housed and leading a somewhat humdrum life. They are a bit ashamed about it and are going all out to brighten things up. They are progressive, skilful and ambitious. To think of them as a mass of plodding peasants is crazy."

C. Bruce Hill, president of E.T.F. Tools Ltd., of St. Catharines, Ontario, adds: "The Russians are proud of what they have achieved. They've pulled themselves up from the devastation of war by the boot straps. They are not afraid to say that they are trying desperately to catch up to the living standards of the United States. To achieve this ambition they are putting first things first."

Why they fear us

Hill thinks the Russian automobile-production policy epitomizes the nation's determination to concentrate on essentials before it goes in for luxuries. "To save costly dissipation of effort on diversity," he says, "they make only four models, comparable in size and weight to the Cadillac, Chrysler, Ford and little English car. These cars have little chrome and few accessories. But they are rugged, powerful, fast, roomy, comfortable and rattle-free."

Hill adds: "The Russians are imbued with the idea that they are a peace-loving nation and that we are the warmongers. They have been sold this bill of goods right down the line. They are scared of the United States and determined to protect their way of life."

Like other Western observers the group was awed by Russia's meticulous, relentless and far-reaching policy of technical education and research. R. J. Adams, president of American Land and Investment Corporation Ltd. of Vancouver, says: "The Russians are providing themselves with the biggest reservoir of brains the world has ever known. It scared me when I saw what they are doing." A. D. McKee, president of Perini Ltd., a Toronto construction company, says: "The Russians don't want war because they've too much to lose. They don't think they'll have to use the atom bomb anyway. They're out to subject us by beating us at world trade. And if we don't look out they will."

The party flew from London to Moscow on May 3 in a Russian TU 104 twin-jet, seventy-five-seat airliner, of the type seen in Vancouver last Air Force Day. It traveled at five hundred and fifty miles an hour at thirty-five thousand feet. "The upholstery was not so good as we are used to," says P. C. Garratt. "Beside each seat was an oxygen mask which might have indicated some slight lack of confidence in the pressure system. Otherwise it seemed to be a fine aircraft."

On reaching Moscow the Canadians found their hotel old-fashioned, sombre, but clean and comfortable. The Russians were celebrating the three-day May

Day vacation. "There were twenty-five thousand people milling about Red Square," says C. Bruce Hill. "They took no notice of us because they are now quite used to Westerners traveling through their country."

The party soon split up to examine various aspects of Russian life. A. C. Ashforth, president of the Toronto-Dominion Bank, studied the economy and found reasons to explain why he thinks the Russian is "content with his lot."

Most grown-up Russians work eight hours a day six days a week. Eighty percent of adult women work and are paid equally with men. Their infants go by day to crèches and are cared for by qualified personnel. Women were seen



The Seagram Gold Cup

Again this year, The Royal Canadian Golf Association will present the Seagram Gold Cup to the winner of the Canadian Open Golf Championship. This famous trophy, which bears the names of some of the world's greatest golfers: Little, Snead, Nelson, Wood, Locke,

Harrison, Ferrier, Palmer and Bayer—will be competed for on August 20, 21, 22 and 23, at the colourful Mayfair Golf and Country Club in Edmonton. To all spectators and competitors, The House of Seagram extends a hearty welcome and best wishes.

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working as technicians, bricklayers and street sweepers, as drivers of diesel locomotives, trucks, and factory power carts, and as operators of concrete mixers, cranes and mine-shaft elevators. Eighty percent of the physicians are women. They are looked upon as "repair men," as advanced nurses, and enjoy no special social prestige. They start at twenty-four hundred dollars a year, said to be the average rate of pay in Russia. Only top surgeons and medical men and women engaged in advanced laboratory research receive high salaries and rank with

the scientific, executive and political elite. This elite receives between eighteen and thirty thousand dollars a year but, says Ashforth, "it seems to set a good example by living modestly."

The highest earners and the lowest all pay the same rate of income tax—a flat thirteen percent. Rents are set at between three and six percent of income. Food, appliances and automobiles cost about the same as in Canada. A standard television set sells for two hundred dollars, the second biggest car, comparable in power and weight to a Chrysler,

for about four thousand dollars. Clothes are more expensive than in the West. A ready-made suit costs one hundred and fifty dollars.

A Russian gets three days holiday around May 1 and three days around November 7, in commemoration of the revolution. Once a year, four members were told, he goes away for a twenty-eight-day paid holiday at one of the one thousand official resorts where accommodation is reserved for him, for board, lodging and a medical overhaul. If he wants to go to a place of his own choice,

he can do so but at a stiff rate.

Ashforth saw no signs of dire poverty. He was interested to discover that Russians are exhorted to save by big advertisements. On savings accounts, which are deposited at the nearest post office, the state pays up to five percent interest. Savings are leading to the accumulation of property in proportion which would have upset Karl Marx. Many Russians now own their own homes, cars and furniture. In Moscow there is one car for every twenty-four people, compared with one for every three and a half people in Toronto.

Though most people prefer state-owned apartments a private single-family dwelling is permitted if the would-be owner is willing to build it with his own hands in his spare time. The builder receives only lease rights to the site and must pay an annual ground rent. When he is ready to build the house the state lends him money to buy materials for the sort of home that is, in the state's opinion, commensurate with his family's needs. Owing to the severe housing shortage the state may limit him to the minimum per-capita cubic living space, which is approximately eight feet long by eight wide by eight high. The builder repays the loan over ten years. The first three years are interest-free. During the last seven years the borrower pays two percent per annum.

Inheritance by work

Ashforth found that a man may go into business for himself provided he does not employ anybody else. There are many one-man businesses of which shoemaking, dressmaking and hairdressing are good examples. But these tradesmen are not entirely free. The government insists on putting up either fifty or seventy-five percent of the capital invested in the business and taking a corresponding cut of the profits. Furthermore all prices are fixed so that the trader has no chance of expanding by undercutting wholly state-owned businesses.

Nor is it possible for the tradesman to liquidate his equity in the business. When he dies he may bequeath his equity to a near relative if that relative is prepared to operate it. If the relative does not wish to go into the business, the property reverts in its entirety to the state.

Such personal property as homes, cars, furniture, appliances, clothing and cash may also be willed to near relatives. If there are no close kin the property is appropriated by the state. When Ashforth asked if a man could rent out an inherited house, he got a vague reply. So far as he could discover the government avoids the un-Marxian phenomenon of landlords by taking over an inherited house and paying what it considers is a fair cash value. The government does not seem to fear the accumulation of large cash sums by individuals. In fact it runs regular state lotteries in which individual winners draw up to five thousand dollars.

In spite of opportunities to amass capital Russian housing conditions are still deplorable. The Canadians saw roadside hovels built of sod, corrugated iron, old planks and logs. "And yet," says C. Bruce Hill, "there is an attempt to keep them trim. Those which can be painted are in cheerful colors. Most of them have a TV aerial. The occupants are evidently well disciplined in neatness and cleanliness."

The Canadians noticed that their guides never tried to divert their attention from the hovels. A. D. McKee says, "They pointed them out to illustrate



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their housing problem." He was told that at the end of the war there were seventy-five million Russians living in makeshift shacks. In Stalingrad there wasn't a single inhabitable permanent building left. Today the shack dwellers number twenty-five million. By 1960, McKee was told, the Russians intend to have a proper roof over everybody's head.

All the Canadians were impressed by the activity in apartment building. On the way from the airport to downtown Moscow they saw one road lined on either side for five miles with new apartment blocks each containing four hundred dwellings.

"But," says McKee, "the Russians lack skilled builders. Even in the newest buildings you see bricks falling out, crooked walls, cracks and evidence of sinking." Garratt thinks he knows why the party was never invited into Russian private homes. "Private entertaining," he says, "is not possible because of overcrowded conditions."

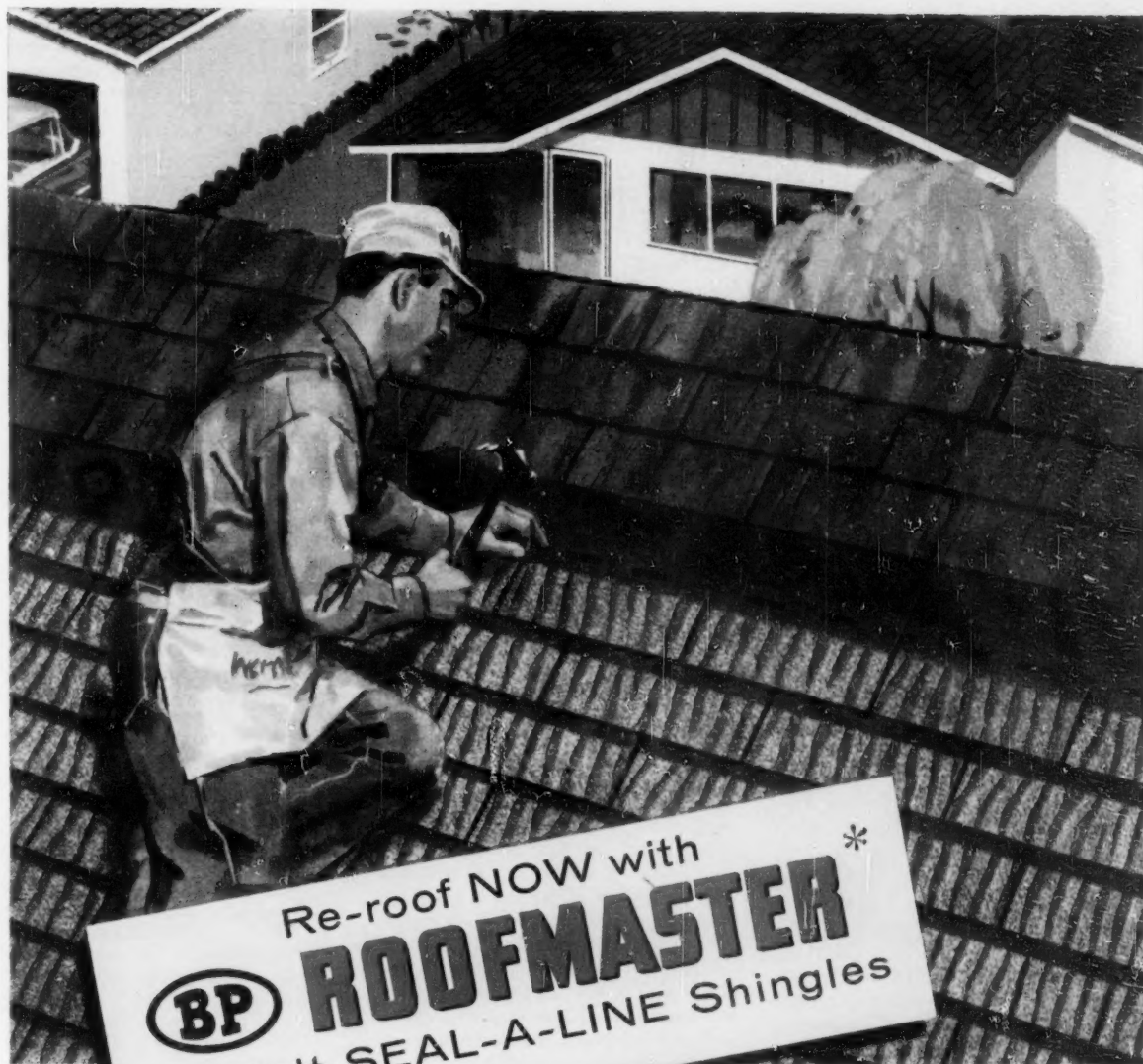
The closest insight into city housing was obtained by A. D. Margison, president of A. D. Margison and Associates, Toronto consulting engineers. He visited the Moscow home of Commander Donald Knox, naval attaché at the Canadian embassy. Knox and his wife enjoy the diplomatic privilege of living in two standard apartments knocked into one. This double space gives them a living room sixteen feet by twelve, a dining room of the same area, a kitchen and bedroom of slightly smaller dimensions, and a bathroom. Knox explained to Margison that under normal circumstances two families would occupy this space. Each would have a kitchen and a living-bedroom and would share the bathroom.

"The Knox apartment," says Margison, "is about three years old but it looked about thirty years old. Door hinges were crude and similar to those in our hotel, which was seventy-five years old. Wiring to outlets and lighting fixtures ran on the surface of the wall. Piping in the bathroom was exposed and primitive. The paint on the walls was powdery and came off on one's sleeve. The elevator looked much like those installed in Canada in 1910. A woman janitor unlocked the gates to let us go up. We were not allowed to use the elevator going down."

Though Russian dwellings are backward they don't seem to harm the children. "We noticed," says C. Bruce Hill, "a tremendous contrast between the facial expressions of the children and those of elderly adults. Most of the children had the alert, intelligent, cheerful expression of modern kids everywhere, while many of the older folk, who had been raised in Tsarist days, had that dull, stupid, peasant aspect." When Hill took photographs of Russian children, "they fooled around and laughed and made faces just like our kids." Hill adds: "They are neither shy nor precocious."

Outside the hotels small boys waited for foreigners and asked them in English for coins. "At first," says Edgar T. Alberts, "some of our group thought the kids were begging and gave them a few kopeks. But they said, 'No no! *Canadenski!*' Then we realized they wanted Canadian coins. When we gave them a Canadian coin they insisted on us accepting a Russian coin, or another country's coin. They were collecting by swapping, not by begging."

In Stalingrad about five hundred people gathered outside the Canadians' hotel to see them off. On an impulse Harold McNamara leaned out of the car window and gave a small boy a cigarette lighter. For a moment the boy didn't seem to

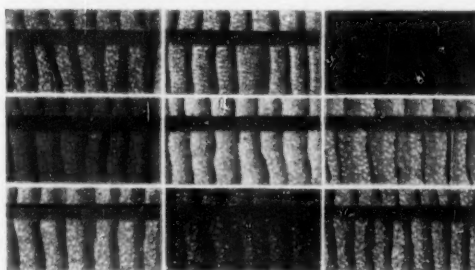


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George Johnson didn't have the Pope. Indeed, he held the head of the Catholic Church in high esteem as a leader in the spheres of morality, world peace and human rights.

But nobody could convince George Johnson that the Holy Father had any special authority to speak officially for Christ. Where in the Bible, George wanted to know, is there any mention of such a person as a Vicar of Christ? Where in Holy Scripture does Our Lord delegate any of His authority to a single human being?

It was not until he read, and read again, the words of Jesus to Peter (Matthew 16:18-19) that George Johnson began to understand the Catholic claim of papal authority.

"And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

The Catholic claim concerning the authority of the Pope does not depend solely, of course, upon this or other significant passages of Holy Scripture. For the Vicarship of the Pontiffs had been universally recognized throughout Christendom long before the books of the Bible had been gathered together, and several centuries before the Church had officially selected the writings which were to be regarded as inspired.

But for the benefit of those who wish to weigh the Catholic claim in the light




of the Bible, we respectfully suggest that they do as George Johnson did—read and read again Our Lord's words to Peter. "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven..."

For is it not a clear delegation of His authority when Christ tells Peter:

"... whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven...? For a long time George Johnson had believed Our Lord's reference to "this rock" meant Peter's faith and not Peter's person. But now he saw in the Savior's words a specific command to exercise specific powers of judgment, which had to be an act of Peter the man.

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George Johnson didn't hate the Pope. Indeed, he held the head of the Catholic Church in high esteem as a leader in the spheres of morality, world peace and human rights.

But nobody could convince George Johnson that the Holy Father had any special authority to speak officially for Christ. Where in the Bible, George wanted to know, is there any mention of such a person as a Vicar of Christ? Where in Holy Scripture does Our Lord delegate any of His authority to a single human being?

It was not until he read, and read again, the words of Jesus to Peter (Matthew 16:18-19) that George Johnson began to understand the Catholic claim of papal authority.

"And I say unto thee, That thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it." "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt bind on earth shall be bound in heaven: and whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven."

The Catholic claim concerning the authority of the Pope does not depend solely, of course, upon this or other significant passages of Holy Scripture. For the Vicarship of the Pontiffs had been universally recognized throughout Christendom long before the books of the Bible had been gathered together, and several centuries before the Church had officially selected the writings which were to be regarded as inspired.

But for the benefit of those who wish to weigh the Catholic claim in the light

of the Bible, we respectfully suggest that they do as George Johnson did—read and read again Our Lord's words to Peter, "And I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of heaven..."

For is it not a clear delegation of His authority when Christ tells Peter:

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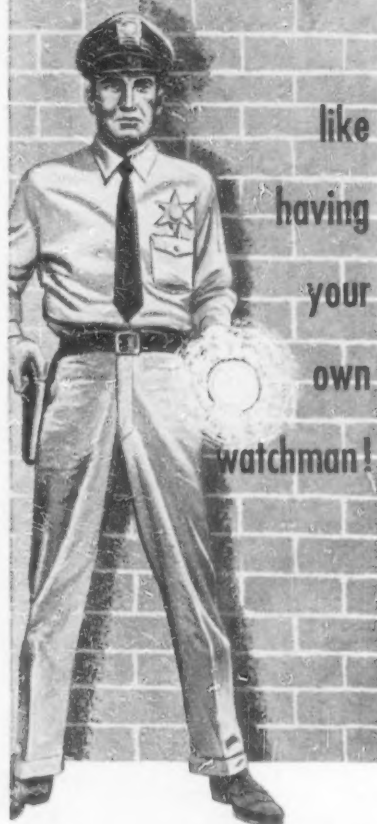
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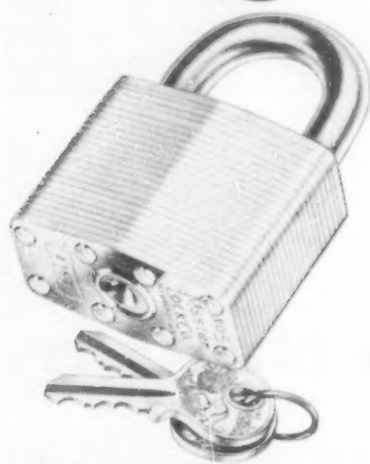
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ing by induction, or by passing an electric current through it instead of heating it in a furnace. "Induction heating is more efficient than furnace heating," says Hill, "but it is so costly that it is very rarely used on this continent. The Russians told me that Zil would be heating all its steel by induction by 1960. When I mentioned the enormous amount of power that would be required I was told, 'Oh we've plenty of power nowadays.'" Hill adds: "They don't think in terms of costs. They just do a job the best way."

A. D. McKee noticed the same trait in construction. In many cases, instead of using steel for bridges and buildings, the Russians are using huge sections of pre-cast reinforced concrete. "Here," says McKee, "the labor involved in making the pre-cast concrete sections would put the price of the construction far beyond a steel job. But because the Russians want their steel for other purposes they use pre-cast concrete regardless of cost. And after all, why should they worry about costs? There's no competitive element in their economy. The state owns everything. Every penny that's spent by the state eventually comes back to the state."

That the state is becoming wealthy, not only in its own but in other nations' currencies, is manifest in recently published figures of its foreign trade.

Guides repeatedly pointed out to the group that Russia buys from Canada ten times the value of goods that Canada buys from Russia. C. Bruce Hill is pessimistic, however, about the chances of Russia achieving a balance of trade with Canada. "I saw very little," he says, "that we'd want to buy from them." John David Eaton, on the other hand, feels that Canada could buy with advantage Russian toys, china, linen, caviar, vodka, platinum and manganese.

The trip was not all business. The Canadians went to the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow twice, to see the opera Eugene Onegin and the ballet Swan Lake. Otto Holden says: "They were superb productions. The theatre is magnificent. The decor is gilt and red plush and there are six galleries. Around the galleries are little chandeliers. When the huge central chandelier goes out and the curtain goes up they leave the little chandeliers alight and the whole place looks just like fairy land."

Margison noted that the orchestra, which is about a hundred strong, seemed to be wearing white ties and tails. During an interval, however, he went up to the orchestra pit and examined the musicians closely. They were in dark business suits, some of them even brown. "Their white ties were makeshift affairs," Margison says. "They looked as though they were cut out of old sheets or tablecloths."

In Leningrad the Canadians visited a circus and were unanimous that it was the best they had ever seen. Holden says: "The trapeze artists take your breath away." The great Russian clown Popoff, who gets over the language barrier by mime, was, in the words of Ashcroft, "a riot." Even the animal acts were different. In addition to the usual run of elephants, horses and dogs the Russians brought on performing mice, foxes and hippopotamuses.

The Russians were not nearly so grim as the Canadians expected. One night at their hotel the Canadians had a sing-song until three o'clock in the morning. The waiters worked cheerfully at bringing drinks and a middle-aged woman interpreter, deputed to look after them, joined in with enthusiasm.

At the various receptions they attended they found the Russians enjoyed a good story. They heard from the Rus-

sians one or two slightly off-color stories that were witty. And the Russians could take a joke against themselves. Speaking one sentence at a time to enable the interpreter to keep up with him, C. Bruce Hill made a speech about his impressions of a Russian collective farm: "I have a collective farm myself in Canada," he said. "The only difference is that I do all the collecting." The Russians roared with laughter.

"And yet," says Soward, "there was an air of oppressiveness everywhere we went." Hill says: "It's an oppressiveness that stems from the absence of free speech in a godless, materialistic society." At the meeting with Khrushchev, Oakley Dalgleish, publisher of the Toronto Globe and Mail, asked a number of questions on political matters. Khrushchev brusquely cut him short, saying, "We are here to discuss business not politics." P. C. Garratt thought that there was "something RCMP-ish" about the three women interpreters who accompanied them. He noted that the women never took a drink no matter how convivial the occasion. One of the Canadian Embassy staff told Margison that he believed his home and those of some of his colleagues were wired for eavesdropping.

How honest can you be?

Harold McNamara and R. H. Webster, chairman of the Toronto Globe and Mail Ltd., had experiences which suggested to some of the group elaborate precautions on the part of Russians to protect their reputations against charges of dishonesty. McNamara found in his Moscow hotel bedroom a rusty old penknife. He gave it to one of the interpreters with the suggestion that the owner might be found. The interpreter said it was a worthless penknife and advised McNamara to lose it.

Three or four times McNamara deliberately left the penknife lying around in the hotel and each time it was returned

to him by an hotel servant. On leaving the hotel by taxi for an airport he produced the penknife and remarked jokingly to the interpreter that he couldn't lose it, no matter how hard he tried. The interpreter told McNamara to shove the penknife down the back of the taxi's upholstery. This was done.

A few minutes later the party took off by air for Stalingrad but had to return to Moscow because of bad weather. They slept until five the following morning in the Moscow hotel and arose to set out once more for the airport. In the hotel lobby McNamara was presented by the taxi driver of the previous day with the penknife. He abandoned all hope of losing it and is keeping it as a souvenir.

Webster's experience was even more curious. On a trip to Leningrad he left one of his bedroom slippers at the hotel. Returning to Moscow he decided the remaining slipper was useless. When the party left for England he left it in a closet of his room. Just as the aircraft was taking off a messenger came rushing up with a parcel for Webster. It contained both slippers.

"This kind of thing," says A. D. McKee, "made me feel quite eerie. Like the others I was glad to leave Russia. We flew from Moscow in a Russian plane to Prague. There a British European Airways plane was waiting to take us on to London. There was a Union Jack painted on its fuselage and I was never so relieved to see that flag in my life."

R. J. Adams says: "None of us saw anything to change our minds about the communist system. But the trip gave us plenty to think about. It seems to me there is only one ray of hope. The Russians have got creeping capitalism. We've got creeping socialism. Somewhere down the line it may be possible for the two systems to meet, to reach a compromise, and to work together for the good of the world. Always provided, of course, that we don't blow each other to hell in the meantime." ★

JASPER

By Simpkins



"Oh, quit looking innocent, who else could it be?"



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The awful revelations of a streetcar driver continued from page 27

"You jerk," the passenger said. "Will I remember you. You left me standing on the street"

talk. In fact, the only ones who kept talking were the passengers I'd kept waiting.

"How'd you enjoy the matinee?" they asked after I'd spent ten minutes making out my reports and trying to get passen-

gers to admit they saw me run into something.

But I don't have to be late from an accident to get chewed out. There are so many cars servicing the 121 stops on Bloor Street that during rush hours

there's one along every two minutes, but if I pass any passengers they remember it for days.

A while ago I was standing at the corner of Coxwell and Danforth having a smoke before checking in for my run.

There was a woman standing beside me, and I noticed that she kept looking at me.

Suddenly she said, "So you wouldn't wait for me yesterday?" swung her purse playfully and hit me in the stomach.

"I wasn't even working yesterday," I told her.

She hit me in the stomach again. "Don't try to get out of it, young man. I should have reported you. Lampy is a friend of mine."

Everybody either knows Allan Lampert, the chairman of the Toronto Transit Commission, or is related to him. If my passengers are telling the truth, he must have more relatives than King Farouk. But I can't help it. I've got relatives of my own: my wife and three kids, and if I don't do my job they'll all be out on the street selling pencils. No operator deliberately passes people up for laughs, although the way some people act you'd think we did.

A Bloor operator I'll call Art pulled out of the Coxwell yards one morning and opened the door for his first passenger, a sour-looking guy who kept glaring at him.

"Good morning," Art said.

"You jerk," the passenger said.

"What's that?"

"You're nothing but a cheap punk," the guy said. "A public servant."

Art looked around to see if somebody was looking in the window at the other side of the car, because all he'd done so far was check his gong, sand button, exit doors, lights, brakes and adjust his rear-vision mirror. He hadn't had time for anybody to get mad at him but the pigeons.

"Boy! Will I remember you!" the guy said.

"What's the matter, Mac?"

"You passed me yesterday."

It spoiled Art's day. When he got home at three o'clock he told his wife about it. She told him he had to expect it, there'd always be some people like that.

"I know, but I should have punched him," Art kept saying.

Just then the doorbell rang. When Art answered it, the passenger was standing there. It was the milkman, collecting for tickets.

Art canceled his account, accused the milkman of ringing the bell too loud and of selling sour milk. The milkman started apologizing. He said he hadn't been feeling well that morning. Art just telling him he'd overcharged a couple of times and that he was nothing but a middleman for cows.

Maybe it didn't make sense, but it made him feel good, and I don't blame him. A Bloor operator has enough to do keeping calm in the middle of man's fight for survival without being insulted as well. I haven't started a Bloor run for a long time without telling myself, "This time, nothing will get you down. Mowry," as I circle the yard ready to make my debut for the day.

I try to make a smooth stop at the top of the safety island. I lock the car by pushing my foot down on one brake pedal till it clicks into the interlocking position. I flick the front door switch with my left thumb and swing around to face my first passenger of the day. If it's one of the helpful ones who step up fast with a "Good morning!" I figure it's going to be a good trip. But I get ready

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for trouble if the first customer complains about the height of the step or asks me why I didn't have the car warmed up. I can't help its being cold. I don't like it myself. But the car is heated by friction from the brake ribbons. I have to make a few stops before it warms up.

If there's been a recent raise in rates, I'm pretty sure to hear about it. Some people seem to think the extra fare goes to the operator. One time, right after the last raise in rates, I took on an extra run to help pay the bills for my last baby. I didn't have time to go home and eat, so my wife met me at Broadview and handed my lunch in to me. I'd just taken my first bite when a drunk got on and tossed a dime in the fare box. I explained about the fifteen-cent fare. He looked at my sandwich.

"You guys live like kings, don't you?" he said. "What's that, caviar?"

I was eating a salmon sandwich. I don't even like salmon and intended to speak to my wife about it if I got home long enough to run into her.

By the time I reach Pape Avenue on a morning run, passengers are running up the closed side of my streetcar and putting their hands against the front of my car to hold me till they get around to the door. If I'm so crowded there are a few purses and coat tails sticking out between the doors and I won't open them again, they hit it with their fists and lunch boxes. One guy put his toolbox right through it. If I do open the doors they stand on the step so that I can't get the car started, while, inside, the passengers won't move down to let them on. If I appeal to the better natures of the passengers in the car and ask them to move down, they make little waddling motions without looking up from their newspapers, but they don't move. I try the ones on the step again.

"What's the sense in crowding on? There's a car right behind me."

"We've waited twenty minutes already," they tell me.

The transfer game

When I finally get the doors closed I start off, watching for open switches and surprise moves by motorists and collecting fares at the same time. I make change with my right hand and issue tickets with my left hand. I also have the transfers I may issue in my left hand, and collect transfers with my right hand. I check the time of issue on each one and when I refuse a late transfer I usually get into an argument.

The other day a man and a woman got on carrying parcels marked with the name of a store at the transfer point. Between that and the way the woman had rolled up her transfer to the size of a kitchen match, I figured they'd been shopping between cars. I was right. When I got the transfer unrolled I found it was two hours late. When I refused it the woman started to argue. She did all the talking for both of them. All this time her husband stood a little behind her, smiling at me. When the woman gave up, he wound up to take a poke at me. The woman gave him a shove that sent him halfway down the car.

A lot of hands just give my fare box a blessing, but don't drop tickets. Other hands, a lot of them belonging to elderly ladies, just drop half-tickets that have been steamed in two, making two for the price of one. I begin to have visions of sweet old ladies sitting at home steaming tickets apart instead of crocheting.

The other day a woman said, "I put two tickets in there, would you mind getting one of them out?" She pointed to my fare box.

"Lady," I said, "I'd get my hand stuck. Anyway, one of those tickets was there before you got on."

"You got me that time," she said and gave me a tap on the back of my neck.

By the time I'm getting near Yonge Street the fifty-two seats are full, the eighty-passenger standing-room is full, the spaces in between are full and some of the jollier passengers trying to get on are coming out with battle cries like, "Here I come! Watch the fat fly!" Some work out special systems, like a guy who stood behind me on my last run gripping the

pole at my back as if he had hold of a complaisant movie starlet, saying, "They can't shove this pole over! They can't shove this pole over!"

A lot of passengers get out by the front door. They're not supposed to, but I've seen people fight their way the whole length of the streetcar past the centre exit doors and arrive at the front looking as if they'd escaped a lynch mob. If I say, "Leave by the centre doors, please," they say, "I'm going for an eye treatment," or "I've got a lump on my knee." For some reason people think

that going to a doctor is a good reason for leaving a streetcar the wrong way.

The trouble is I can't always tell out of the corner of my eye which way they're going. The other day I caught a glimpse of a woman well inside the front door and flipped the control. Just then I noticed she was stepping between the closing doors. I got them open again, but I fanned her.

"For crying out loud, wait a minute," she said.

"I'm sorry," I said. "Come on in."

"I'm not getting on. I'm getting off."



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"Then why aren't you leaving by the centre doors?"

"I'll fix you," she said. "I've been sick in bed for a week."

Once I get past the Yonge Street subway station things quieten down. On the return trip the morning rush is over, and there are just small strains like kids going shopping with their mothers leaning out the windows touching trucks, and high-school youngsters who get on at the west end and start pulling the bell chord in rhythm to Lollipop. But passengers never stop surprising me.

One day a man got on my car, said he'd had a good day at Dufferin race track and that he'd phoned his wife and she had told him to bring home a dozen eggs. "To hell with my wife," he said, and hammered the full bag of eggs down on my fare box.

Another time a man got on my car on the Danforth, asked me to wait a minute and got off again. He picked up one of the trees that had been set out in tubs as street decorations by the Danforth Business Men's Association, shook most of the dirt off, brought it on the car and explained to me, "I don't need the tub."

Friday is the big night for drunks. I don't mind the ones who fall asleep or go to the back and harmonize. I've heard some good concerts that way. But drunks are touchy. If you happen to hit the wrong word you're in trouble. I've picked one man up in the east end for years and I've never seen him sober. As soon as he sees me he yells "There's my boy!" He gets on, announces "You're a scholar and a gentleman. Take me home," and flakes out. One time I couldn't wake him and took him right into Coe's yard with me. When I turned out all the lights, he got off, got

on another empty car, yelled, "Take me home," and fell asleep again. He was transferring around some private world.

As Toronto grows, more and more people get on with strange loads. They bring on cribs, carriages, mattresses, bicycles, live ducks. I get more and more notes stuck in front of me by people who can't pronounce where they're going. One little old lady with a black kerchief over her head got on my car and started to do the cutest little dance you've ever seen up and down the aisle, clapping her hands and crying. A passenger who could talk some Italian got her story. She'd just arrived from Italy and already her husband had got on a wrong street-car. She'd lost him.

I'm asked everything from where's the nearest stop to Calhoun's Drugstore to whether Simpson's is open tonight. A lot of passengers, when I tell them, give me an argument.

"What's the quickest route to Honest Pete's Bargain Store?" they ask.

I tell them I don't even know where it is, and they give me the street and number. I get out my street guide and look up the best route.

"Take a Parliament car, transfer west on Gerrard," I say.

"That's not the way I went last time."

Sometimes I think they're just trying to find out if I'm an impostor.

"I'm a stranger in town," someone will say. "Will you be sure to let me off at Dovercourt?"

When I reach Dovercourt, I open my mouth to call the stop, look in my mirror and the passenger is standing at the door waiting to get off.

If I miss calling out a stop I get bawled out, but half the time I know they don't listen to me. I've proved it on one

of those drowsy trips when everyone is staring out the window and looking a million miles away. I've called in a loud clear voice:

"Ham and eggs!"

Everybody goes right on looking out the window.

"French fries!"

Same result.

One time when nobody seemed to be listening to me I started to eat a sandwich left over from my lunch. I'd just taken a bite when a woman came up and said, "Why didn't you call Christie?"

I swallowed and said, "My mother told me not to talk with my mouth full." I got reported.

I don't really blame the woman. To be honest, I don't really blame myself, either. That day I'd listened to a woman tell me about her daughter-in-law who borrowed a baby carriage and returned it in such shape she had to buy a new one, and a man who got on in west Toronto had told me that since he'd moved out there his wife wouldn't let him play poker any more. I'd heard a little boy call his mother a four-letter word as they got out the front door, and neither of them batted an eye. When I'd tried to get a lone dog off the car he bit me and a drunk at the back said, "Dogs can tell about people." A woman, when her husband waltzed down the car to pick a good seat, had put her head down to my fare box as if she were taking my picture and said, "Do you mean to tell me that cheap bum didn't put a ticket in for me?" I'd had a real rush-hour crowd and about six people yelled at me asking me how I got my job when I had to slam on my brakes for a jay-walker. I was just a bit punchy from operating a streetcar on Bloor Street. ★



For the sake of argument continued from page 8

"Men demand virtue in single women but lewdness delights them"

and to give up her search for Mr. Right and the "delusion of a high ideal in love" because it is "likely to exclude all possibility of marriage." Men, this author thought, could not live up to such ideals, nor should they be expected to.

I doubt that there's an intelligent single woman in Canada today who has not developed enough self-understanding to know that she has a serious personality problem. She's divided against herself and at war with the customs of the country and she knows it. But she cannot help wondering why the search for Mr. Right should be condemned and whether it is immaturity or adult insight that makes her aware that it is her armor of independence and this alone that permits her the luxury of less ignoble sentiments than those expressed in the article just referred to. Certainly it is not that she cherishes a "delusion of a high ideal in love." Working with men on a basis of equality she finds them quite different from the mythical men depicted in those same women's magazines. She is soon likely to lose all ideals and overthrow all delusions.

She may respect her male colleagues professionally but emotionally she often finds them disgusting. Having themselves fallen for their expedient, man-made concept of helpless femininity, they are arrogant and aggressive in their sex relationships while at the same time they persistently degrade them. They demand virtue and propriety in women but take

a childish delight in all forms of lewdness. They seriously recommend chastity to their unmarried female friends as the surest way to land a man, while at the same time proffering her unlimited opportunities to be licentious.

Once a woman's confidence in the superiority of the male is shaken her personality problem becomes even more serious. She cannot be simple and direct.



Who is it?

She walked out on the most famous French-Canadian family to go and play in France. Turn to page 52 to find out who she is today.

If she wants to marry, she is repeatedly told by all the advice peddlers, she must close her eyes to male pretensions and play a game that is both fatuous and degrading. Feigning wide-eyed innocence she must tell a man he is wonderful while treating him like a child. In his book, *Divorce Won't Help*, for instance, Dr. E. Bergler insists that it is a woman's job "to manage her husband, that flourishing baby dressed in adult clothing who has never outgrown the nursery and is called man." In 1942, Dorothy Dix told a correspondent that to be successful at the game of love a woman must play up to the little boy in a man. One had only to look at the gold-diggers, she said, with their millionaire sugar-daddies, to see that they always treated their men as though they were five and not so bright at that. "It's sure-fire tactics," she concluded.

The independent career woman can play this game successfully for a time. But sooner or later the façade cracks, she reveals what she knows and her potential suitor, unable to endure the challenge, runs like a rabbit. "A man seeks the gift of self," continues the Canadian article of advice to the single. "Part of his chosen point of view is that a woman shall need him. If a woman is too self-sufficient, he senses this and his romantic need is unfulfilled."

But is the word "romantic" one that ought properly to be included in an article that makes much of maturity and



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adult insight? And is his need really romantic? Is it not rather a need to dominate and control, neither of which is possible with a self-sufficient woman? Her needs are not economic, like those of most women. They are primarily social and biological and to satisfy them might place a greater strain on his character and manhood than his upbringing in Canadian society had made possible. For example, the American doctor who recently decided to deduct fines from his wife's allowance for such sins as failing to wake him in the morning and to

have his coffee ready when he was dressed would have to merit these services of love if there was no exchange of money involved. Viewed in a purely economic light it is easy to understand why the marriage rate among career women is twenty-three percent lower and the divorce rate thirteen percent higher than among their more submissive and domesticated sisters.

Sooner or later the working woman counts the high cost of her freedom. "It was then, as I sat in my dreary bed-sitting room, that I realized I was never

going to marry," said Dame Edith Sitwell recently, recalling her forty-sixth birthday. "The truth made me feel bitterly lonely but it was also a kind of blessed release; I could now turn my back on the past and fulfill myself as a writer." Once arrived at this anguished decision, the single woman in England is not pestered to justify it and she can also find solace in stimulating intellectual activity. But not so in Canada.

In Canada the single woman is forever being told that it is bad for her to be too much alone. Solitude, she finds, is

anathema to Canadians; so much so that, as Graham Hutton remarks in *Midwest at Noon*, "the man or woman who treasures privacy, silence and the pleasures of contemplation must be a person up to no good." Intellectual pursuits give the single woman cold comfort; Canada's cultural attainment is minimal and she is constantly urged to leave culture alone or she will further diminish her chances of marriage. Serious thinking, she is told, is the prerogative of men.

Socially, her life is hopeless. Unmatched at Canadian parties, where careful pairing and uniformity are as much the rule as the ultimate segregation of the sexes, she soon finds herself adrift. In the kitchen, she blushes or laughs uncomfortably at the crude jokes of the men in whose company she has sought release from the boredom of conversation about children in the living room. Her host secretly condemns her for listening to the jokes and her hostess for going into the kitchen in the first place. If she's attractive, well paid and well dressed and cannot therefore be reasonably pitied, her friends ceaselessly promote strict chastity as the most marketable of her assets, at the same time questioning her about her private life and watching her with narrow severity. This, suggests M. S. Burt in *These Feminized United States*, probably stems from envy. Burt believes that the revered American wife and mother (indistinguishable from the Canadian) secretly longs to come down off her pedestal "where man, that bifurcated radish in trousers, has placed her."

A new trap coming

My unmarried friend in the television trade and I were in agreement on most of these points. But we also agreed that we were not being strictly truthful when we claimed that we do not want to be married. We do. Gladly would we love a man so mature that he can treat us as an equal without loss of pride or, in Simone de Beauvoir's words, "an adult living out a big moment of his life and not a little boy putting on airs." We know that such men exist but alas, they are too few, particularly in Canada where the God of Success has joined hands with the Goddess of Sex to encourage aggression at the expense of self-understanding and interior life.

It would be intoxicating to be able to predict a change for the better but, on the contrary, it would appear that nature is preparing a new trap for the disciples of technocracy and mass production. If there is no war, all single women will be able to find husbands twenty-five years from now. But there is not likely to be any growth in maturity; only a reversal of the present balance of power.

At present nature provides more boy babies than girls (106 to 100) because boys are constitutionally more delicate. Science, however, has defeated nature: the boys are now being kept alive. In twenty-five years, predicts Dr. Ffrangcon Roberts, half a million men in Britain (and an equivalent number in North America) will be unable to find wives. "Into the moral consequences I need not enter," says Roberts. "It may be observed that men do not tolerate enforced celibacy as well as women. The contest for mates may become as fierce as it was to our cave-dwelling ancestors. Boys now in their cradles will crack one another's skulls like stags."

Let them. Until there is something more mature and understanding inside those skulls they may be cracking them in vain: millions of women who value dignity and integrity in either sex may still refuse to be the spoils of combat. ★



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"SERVING WITH A PURPOSE"



Report from the Mediterranean tinderbox continued from page 13

"Lebanon's army could have put down the rebels in a day — if it wanted to. Why didn't it?"

but in each trouble spot you could find reason to hope that the most critical phase was over.

All the squabbles in the Mediterranean—and in the last five weeks I've touched at all the troubled ground between Algeria and Lebanon — have two things in common:

1. No conceivable solution to any of them will content both sides, and no likely one will fully satisfy either.

2. All could be settled on terms that look fair to an outsider.

But for the first time—at least until the Baghdad uprising—the NATO alliance as a whole had found itself able to act as a friendly outsider in these quarrels. It had already done so in more than one case, to suggest though not to impose reasonable terms.

NATO had some share in the Western decision to stay out of the political rat's nest in the Lebanon in the two months of desultory fighting that preceded Baghdad. But then the U.S., with Britain's backing, answered a plea from Lebanon while the question was still before the security council.

The core of dispute in the Lebanon is the man who invited the Marines—President Camille Chamoun, an able, personable, strikingly handsome man of fifty-eight who looks a little like John Bracken, the former Progressive Conservative leader. Chamoun and his foreign minister Charles Malik, both Christians of Arab descent, are the most outspoken friends the West has in the Arab world—since the fall of old Nuri Said of Iraq, they are the only really consistent and reliable friends.

Chamoun wanted the world to think that this was the only reason why rebellion broke out in the Lebanon. He pictured it as less a revolt than an invasion from Nasser's Syria, backing those pan-Arab nationalists in the Lebanon whose loyalty is to Nasser and his United Arab Republic. Maybe Chamoun himself believed this to be true. Maybe it would have become true if the American Sixth Fleet hadn't quietly moved eastward, and if the British hadn't quietly stepped up their reinforcements to Cyprus, as silent warnings that invasion would not be tolerated. But in fact the invasion did not take place. It still hadn't taken place, in fact, when the U.S. Marines landed.

Even before the landing, the Lebanese army had tanks, aircraft, artillery, armored cars, all kinds of medium to heavy weapons, and the rebels did not. It was apparent that the Lebanese army could put down the rebellion, or at least drive it underground, in about twenty-four hours—if it wanted to. The question is, why didn't the army want to?

"It's a political, not a military problem," a Lebanese MP explained. "This is really a religious dispute. Moslem against Christian, and the army is divided like the country, half and half. If Moslem soldiers took the Moslem side we'd have a real communal war here. Do you think the U.S. would send a mixture of white and Negro troops into a communal battle in the South?"

But if it is a religious dispute, why is the patriarch of the Maronite Catholics, the largest Christian sect in the Lebanon, hiding out with the rebels? His Beatitude the Most Rev. Paul Meouchi is a figure of considerable authority among Lebanese Christians. The patri-

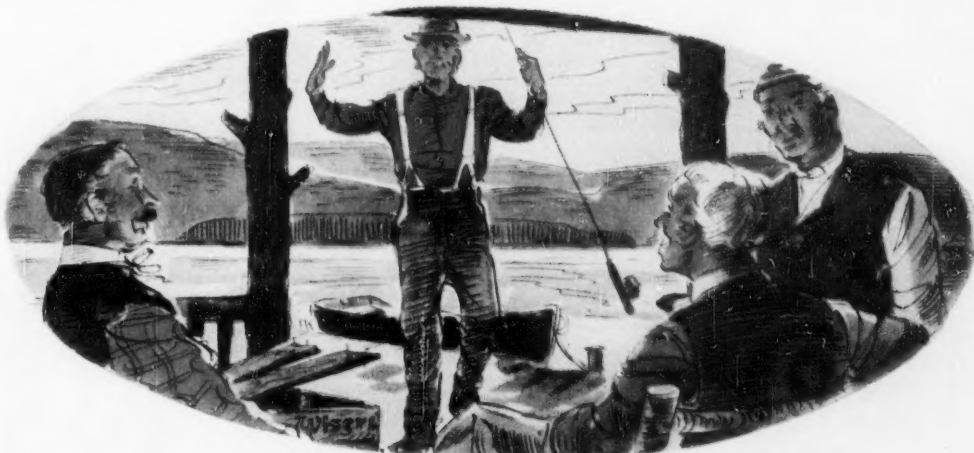
arch told a reporter a few weeks ago: "Chamoun has half the Christians against him, and ninety-five percent of the Moslems."

Among the Lebanon's million and a half people are nearly a dozen religious

communities who have lived together, normally at peace but never without some friction, for more than a thousand years. This motley crowd has worked out, in the Lebanese constitution and tradition, a precarious equilibrium that no-

body wants to upset. The president must always be a Maronite Catholic, the prime minister a Sunni Moslem, cabinet and parliament a rigid assortment of other major faiths. All parties in the Lebanon, rebels as well as government support-

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ers, deny any wish to change this system.

But the government did give indications, as long ago as early 1957, of a plan that would change it indirectly, in fact if not in name. By amending the constitution (which can be done by a two-thirds vote in parliament) Chamoun could stand for a second six-year term as president. He got his two-thirds majority a year ago after an election distinguished by intimidation, bribery and every kind of political skulduggery. The opposition at once inferred that he was trying to perpetuate his own rule. Even

people who are backing Chamoun against the rebels don't like the idea of his standing for a second term.

But until the last minute, within a fortnight of the date when parliament was required by law to meet for election of a new president, Chamoun himself had not stated flatly and publicly that he had no intention of trying for a second term. Even then, some people wondered whether he meant the statement, when it came, to be public—he made it in a conversation with one reporter alone, after having evaded the

same question at an open press conference a few days before.

Privately, Chamoun had been making this denial all along, to official visitors. Even more privately, some of the official visitors had preferred not to believe him. They thought that if he really meant his denial he'd have made it in public, and thus removed a principal cause of the rebellion—the sole cause, rebels still say. But in the press of the Lebanon, every reference to a successor in the presidency is still carefully censored out.

The most extreme among rebel leaders protest that they want nothing but an "independent" Lebanon. They want to depose Chamoun, abandon his policy of all-out support of the West, restore the Lebanon to "its traditional neutrality." It's not hard to see whom they'd be neutral against, but they no longer admit any bias — Nasser is a "distinguished Arab leader," but that is all. Incidentally the rebel leaders all disclaim any intention of standing for the presidency themselves. They are all Moslems, and they all applaud the "national tradition" that the president must be a Maronite Christian.

Few listeners believe this pious talk, but it does make several things clear. One, the rebels no longer think that pan-Arab nationalism is good politics in the Lebanon. They thought they would sweep the country in last year's election, no matter what Chamoun might do to rig it. They failed, and they know it. Therefore, if the end of the Lebanese revolt is a political settlement, any early move toward a pan-Arab, Nasserite empire is highly unlikely.

One fairly obvious settlement would be to make a president out of General Fuad Shehab, the Lebanese Army commander. The rebels say they want him — indeed, he's the only man they ever mention as a proper successor to Chamoun. The government backers have not said they don't want him, though they shy off any discussion of the presidency as much as they can. Shehab is a Maronite Christian, he isn't a committed supporter of either Nasser or Khrushchev or John Foster Dulles. In months of fantastic political crisis, he has managed not to make any implacable enemies. Whatever his other qualities, these alone are not unimpressive.

What compromise, if it is not now too late for compromise, will end the Lebanese squabble is not yet apparent, though it may appear any day. The chances are it will contain some things the West would rather not have — neutralism at best for the Lebanon, even if not an outright swing to Nasser and the Soviet camp.

There is better hope for a workable compromise in the new British plan for Cyprus. NATO had a part in this, though not an originating part — the idea of governing Cyprus on a two-community basis was wholly British, in concept and in detail. NATO's role was just moral support, the pressure of friendly outsiders on two disputants to settle their quarrel. Whether this effort will be effective, it's too soon to say.

Cyprus is now, as it has been for four years, a sad place to visit — all the more sad for being so beautiful. The little island looks like the very symbol of peace and rural contentment — blue skies, olive-green hills, quaint little Greek and Turkish villages and almost equally quaint little British-colonial towns.

In fact it takes nearly forty thousand British troops to keep the peace in that peaceful-looking island, and even they can't quite do it. They are not green troops; they include battalions of guards and paratroopers. They seem to be everywhere all the time, fully armed, laden with radio gear and mine detectors, patrolling village and field as well as city street without pause. On a drive from Nicosia to the lovely seaside village of Kyrenia, a matter of fifteen miles or so, I passed half a dozen British patrols.

And yet, strangely, all this surveillance and military force gives a milder impression, smacks less of the police state, than a much lower pitch of it did in 1956. In those days the British themselves



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**TRANS-CANADA
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were divided, and the NATO alliance even more so, about their right to be in Cyprus at all, they had an uneasy conscience, and you could feel it. Some said they had to be there for their own security, and ours. Others said that Cyprus as a military base was obsolete, and that in any case a great power had no right using territory against the will of the people who live there.

Now that argument has died down. Suez proved that the critics were at least partly right — Cyprus turned out to be not much help, even for such a minor operation as Suez. Also, the Greek government for one (and the Turks give no sign of dissent on this point) now says it will let Britain keep her present naval bases in Cyprus on a long-term lease, anywhere up to a century. In short, Britain no longer has any selfish interest in remaining in Cyprus, and this gives the place a different air.

The British now are there to keep order and nothing else, to hold the Greeks and Turks from each other's throats until they work out some kind of settlement between themselves. The British think their own idea of two-community government — two parliaments, two electorates, two administrations for schools and churches and all such purely community affairs — comes closer to a fair deal than anything yet suggested, but they would take anything on which Greeks and Turks could agree. All the Cypriots have to do is — agree.

This is a position in which not only Britain but all the western partners of NATO can join with whole hearts, and they do. When the British delayed announcement of their plan at NATO's request it was to give the other allies time to do all they could to persuade Greece and Turkey to accept it. The effort failed at the time and shows no sign yet of succeeding, but it has not been abandoned and it won't be.

The fourth crisis in the Mediterranean is different — far graver. This is the crisis of Algeria which is the crisis of France. Here, all agree, the best thing for NATO to do is stay away and keep quiet. Hard things have to be done in Algeria. It may be impossible to do them at all, and it will certainly be impossible if anyone suspects, or can even pretend, that they are being forced upon France from abroad.

In spite of all the proclamations and all the new faces, the surface of life in Algiers hasn't altered much since the "revolution" of May 13. The same men continue to run things in much the same way. Newspapers legally published in Paris continue to be seized here, two or three times a week, by the men who most vehemently insist that Algeria is "an integral part of France." Many new things

have been predicted and some have been announced, but very few so far have taken place. What has changed is the mood, the atmosphere.

I wasn't in Algiers for De Gaulle's first visit in June, but all accounts say that the welcome was hysterical — triumphant thousands, cheering the new leader and the new day. I did see his second arrival, and whatever else you'd call it, it certainly wasn't hysterical. It wasn't hostile either — the people turned out to see him, and they did cheer — but the mood was one of reserve. And among the upper

echelons in Algeria, they had reason to be cool.

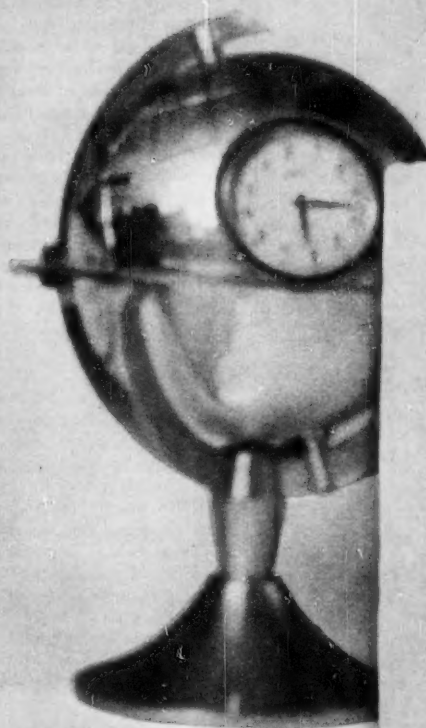
General De Gaulle does not confide in reporters; we saw him only at a respectful distance, only on public occasions, and we were warned to ask no questions. What follows, though, comes from a good source:

De Gaulle's first act on his second arrival in Algeria was to put the political colonels on the defensive in the most effective way possible — by sharp criticism of their work as soldiers. Why were so many of their four hundred thousand

troops so far behind the lines? Why were so few actually fighting the rebels and so many acting as guards, policemen, shopkeepers, bureaucrats and schoolmasters?

Officially, the division between combat and ancillary troops in Algeria is supposed to be fifty-fifty: half fighters and half administrators and housekeeping personnel. In fact the proportion is more like one to ten, according to shrewd observers who live in the country. They say that for every French soldier fighting, nine are occupied with some sort of duty

The Golden Touch of Time



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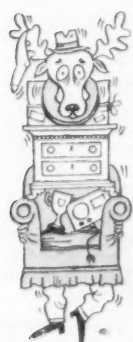
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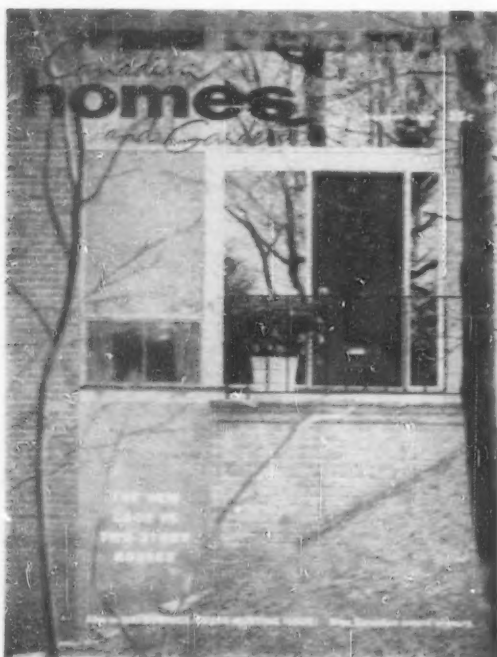
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"If De Gaulle tells Massu to shoot Salan (who has been ruler of Algeria) Massu will do it"

behind the lines. The men carrying the main burden of combat are the paratroopers, two divisions of superb fighting quality, perhaps the best front-line soldiers in the world today. They would hardly be offended to hear embarrassing questions put to their chairborne colleagues. Moreover, their commander, General Jacques Massu, is said to be completely loyal and devoted to General Charles de Gaulle.

"Massu is a cowboy," said one sardonic acquaintance. "He is not very bright. But one thing about him, he is honest and he is very brave, and he will do anything at all that De Gaulle tells him. If De Gaulle tells him to shoot General Salan (who has been running Algeria since the insurrection of May 13) Massu will do it."

At the end of De Gaulle's second visit, therefore, even rather skeptical observers were encouraged to think he had made a start on the first urgent task in Algeria: the restoration of civil authority over an army that has been openly rebellious for two months and tacitly rebellious for nearly two years.

The same observers were even further encouraged when De Gaulle snubbed the committees of public safety, Algeria's self-appointed rulers since May 13. De Gaulle refused to see them at all. Too busy, he said.

There are yet other reasons for being encouraged. De Gaulle has announced and set in motion some overdue reforms—equal voting rights for Moslems, including women; expansion of the housing and slum-clearance program which is already vastly more impressive in Algeria than in any other Arab country; more and better schools; and so on.

These things are forbiddingly expensive. France is already spending more than a hundred and fifty million dollars a year on such civilian projects in Algiers, and De Gaulle announced that this will rise immediately to nearly two hundred millions. His plans for the farther future will of course cost even more. But even now, France is spending almost a billion dollars a year on her North African "province" when military outlays are reckoned in the total. The official estimate of what the French could save in their defense budget if the war in Algeria were ended is seven hundred and fifty million dollars a year. Obviously, then, they can spend a lot of money on a peaceful Algeria and still save money in the end.

But can De Gaulle bring peace to Algeria? All his moves so far have been mere preliminaries to that central and formidable task. In Cairo and in Tunis I talked with the official spokesmen of the rebel FLN—*Front de Libération Nationale*. (In Algiers, of course, no contact with the rebels is possible.)

These men assured me in the strongest language that no compromise of negotiation is possible. They insist the arrival of De Gaulle makes no difference whatever; that they are fighting on for nothing less than total independence.

However, I was less interested in what these professional talkers had to say than in what they looked like. They do not look like what they claim to be—the favored darlings of Egypt and Tunisia. In Cairo they occupy a suite of dim and dingy offices above a stamp-dealer's shop; in Tunis a rather similar layout in a block of flats. In both, large numbers of shirt-sleeved young men sit around sorting

papers, drinking coffee and talking to each other. In neither does the visitor feel that he is in the presence of a well-financed, well-organized international movement.

Lately the FLN had been talking of proclaiming an Algerian "government in exile," but while I was in Cairo they produced something much less pretentious—a list of rebel leaders who would be "responsible" for certain fields of activity, defense or foreign affairs as the case might be, but who made up no more than a kind of leadership committee. The reason for not calling them a government was an open secret: they knew they would not be recognized as such, even in Tunisia and perhaps not even in Egypt.

De Gaulle is the reason. He was able, in his first few weeks in office, to do something the palsied Fourth Republic was never able to do—make an agreement with President Habib Bourguiba on the withdrawal of French troops from Tunisia. De Gaulle could do this for the same reason Eisenhower could make peace in Korea where Truman couldn't: because his prestige and the trust he enjoyed permitted him to accept terms his predecessors would not have dared accept.

As a result, there is sound reason to hope that Bourguiba may now be on De Gaulle's side. Negotiation with Moslem Algeria may be possible. Negotiation with the fascist-minded "ultras" among the French in Algeria will probably not be possible, but it may not be necessary. The ultras are the noisiest, and have been able to appear the strongest, group among the French colons. But men like Jacques Chevallier, the brilliant and liberal mayor of Algiers who was forced to resign with most of his city council by the committee of public safety in June, are not as rare in Algeria as they have lately appeared to be. If Chevallier runs again for mayor his friends say he will be re-elected easily—mostly by Moslem votes, they admit, but with French support too. They estimate that at least a fifth and perhaps a quarter of all Algerian Frenchmen hold the same moderate views as Chevallier. These are the men who believe that the only way to peace is co-operation, and that the only basis of co-operation is to give the Moslems some control over their own affairs.

This would mean not the integration by which nine million Moslems would be outnumbered by fifty million Frenchmen, but an autonomous Algeria in which the nine million Moslems would themselves outnumber the million French. In the long run, of course, it would mean independence. But the moderates believe that Algerian Moslems, no matter what the FLN may say in Cairo, do not want a complete break with France. For one thing, it would mean complete economic disaster—among the million French colons are perhaps a hundred thousand technicians and executives who are quite

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literally irreplaceable in Algeria today.

Perhaps it is not yet too late, even though it seems to be, for a friendly association among a free Algeria, a free Tunisia, a free Morocco and a France which has in fact done many good things for all three countries.

The French ultras in Algeria will never agree to this or anything remotely like it. If the army is as firmly on their side as they think it is, they may continue to be able to veto any compromise and perpetuate the hideous waste of blood and effort that Algeria has been exacting for four years. But the army may not be on their side. The army has equitable complaints of its own against the politicians of the Fourth Republic—not only the "betrayal" in Indo-China; not only indecision and half-measures in Algeria; but also such homely grievances as political interference with army promotions. Names of officers, even quite junior officers, have been scratched off promotion lists by politicians whom the army men offended. Names have been added to the same lists, too, names of the nephews and friends and friends-of-friends of French ministers and MPs.

This kind of thing De Gaulle will undoubtedly stop. So far there is no reason to doubt that the army trusts De Gaulle, not only to right its own wrongs but also to make no terms that are anything but honorable to France; make no terms that will waste the blood the army has shed in Algeria.

De Gaulle's surprise assets

But De Gaulle could fulfil that trust and still go much farther than the ultras of Algeria want him to go. He could go farther than any man living, in fact, if he should choose to do so—just because he has such a reputation for being stubbornly, unalterably, unreasonably French.

Thus it may be that the very things about De Gaulle that most worried the NATO allies in April and May will prove his greatest assets.

De Gaulle didn't think much of NATO. He has said publicly that the NATO alliance makes France an American protectorate without giving her any protection. As late as March he was still speaking in private with contemptuous hostility of the whole North Atlantic Treaty Organization. But since he came to power he has been unexpectedly moderate; all his utterances have been reassuring.

Even so, one NATO official remarked, "He's sure to make a nuisance of himself. In fact, he's doing so already."

But I can remember a conversation in Chicago after the Republican convention of 1952 when Eisenhower beat Senator Taft for the nomination; a group of us were talking of what a good thing it was that the isolationist Taft had been defeated and the great internationalist had won. There was only one dissenter among us, a British reporter. "What I would like to see," he said, "is Robert Taft as president of the U. S. and Aneurin Bevan as prime minister of Great Britain."

"They would find they had to co-operate just as closely as Eisenhower and Churchill will—they'd have no choice. But then they would know, and everybody would know, that this is inescapable. They would know that we're not in double harness because we like it but because there is no other way to get along. And that might be a good thing."

Something like that is happening now in the NATO alliance, and in the Middle East. And, as the man said, it may be a good thing. ★



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argues that we should let the moon alone and clean things up down here



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McKENZIE PORTER

gets involved in the pet bird fad. "What is it about budgies?" he asks

The August 30 issue of Maclean's goes on sale across the land on Aug. 19



The stage manager who looks like a star

Continued from page 19

On opening night the director belongs in the audience. Miss Mortimer has to carry the show

Some notion of what a stage manager can do to make or break a production is suggested by a recent calamity in London's West End. The occasion was the premiere of a new Agatha Christie thriller, *The Verdict*, with a series of plot reversals at the very end. The final curtain, unfortunately, got cued one reversal too soon, leaving critics and first-nighters alike still adrift in the mystery. It's obvious Miss Mortimer, whose work as SM includes cueing all curtains, is in a position, single-handed, to beach a play in a careless moment.

Besides a foolproof countdown system, an SM needs an utterly cool head in a crisis. During one production for Toronto's New Play Society, a flight of stairs that was vital to the action began to fall apart. Miss Mortimer, taking instant stock of the situation, sent a stagehand to wriggle underneath and bolster the step on his back while the players trod thereon.

Miss Mortimer can invent a stand-in for a stairway or the power supply with equal insouciance. When the lights failed during the third act of a summer-theatre performance at Vineland, Ont., she fixed candles in whisky bottles, set them along the footlights and then supplemented the effect by sitting through the rest of the play in the front row with her pocket torch trained onstage.

She once, in an emergency on the road, improvised the famous, fantastical "Canadian Flag" curtain for *My Fur Lady* from a bolt of flannelette, sitting up all night to help punch the needle through the fabric with a finger she'd just broken in a tumble down a backstage stairwell. She has contrived eleven-hour substitutes for stage, scenery, costumes, props, and even her own crew. On tour, local stagehands sometimes prove unreliable; Miss Mortimer is adept at recruiting any able body in sight, from one of the company's own actors to a teen-ager on his way to basketball practice.

To aid her, she achieves the air of crisp self-confidence of, say, a Junior Leaguer selling her friends tickets to a charity ball.

Oddly enough, her cool, faintly British country-club tones seem as effective in her work as a barrack-room bellow. A stagehand who has often worked for her reported wonderingly, not long ago, "I don't even swear backstage any more."

As SM, Miss Mortimer is completely responsible for the discipline of the crew hired for a production, and for the professional etiquette of the actors. If a stagehand is persistently late or sloppy; if a prop letter proves to have a different, and private, and naughty message each night to the actor who has to pretend to read it aloud; if a comedian decides to scratch himself during one of the star's important speeches, Miss Mortimer has what she calls, good-humoredly, "a long serious talk" with the offender. She has never yet had to resort to reporting a stagehand to his union or an actor to the front office, a move that in either case could get the culprit the sack.

In addition to discipline and improvisation, Miss Mortimer's duties include mastery of a staggering series of skills, including elementary wiring, lighting, carpentry and painting. She works with the show's producer, director and designer right from the beginning, translating their strategy into tactics, and the tactics into action.

Though production strength usually includes a master electrician, a master propertyman and a master carpenter, she must assign their work, oversee and occasionally fill in for them. She has a vast amount of lore at her service. For example, she is expert at liberating props from shopkeepers in exchange for a line of credit in the program. "I hate doing it," she says cordially. The prop list for a single production may include such outré items as a Trolger pole with ribbons, a fiddle, a flask of whisky with a cork, five autograph books and pencils, a set of foot warmers, two unopened boxes of chocolates, a pony of brandy, a lady's riding crop and a pair of rubbers.

She knows that colored water can double for almost any beverage except beer, for which there is no visual substitute; that boiling water poured over bread and milk, at the last minute, can suggest a hot stage meal; and that no actor should depend on a cigarette lighter's working on cue.

She is prepared to reproduce punctually any sound effect that a script calls for up to and including the sound, required in a Maeterlinck play, of "nightbirds exulting." She was recently requested to tune a set of four telephone buzzers so she could render *The Star Spangled Banner* on them for a special effect.

These are all technical problems, to be settled in the planning phase. One of Miss Mortimer's chief responsibilities, however, doesn't start until after dress rehearsal. On opening night the director belongs in the audience and from then on Miss Mortimer has to carry the show



Answer to

Who is it? on page 44

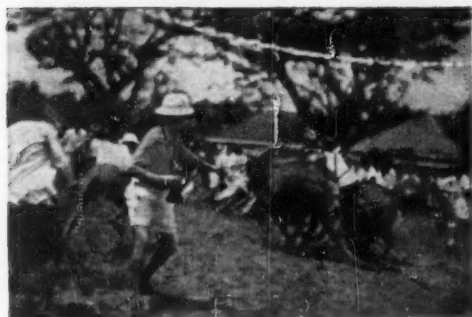
Denise Pelletier, who played Cecile in the *Plouffe* Family TV series until she left to join the Théâtre du Nouveau Monde on a tour that included a season in Paris.

Another adventure in one of the 87 lands where
Canadian Club is "The Best in The House"

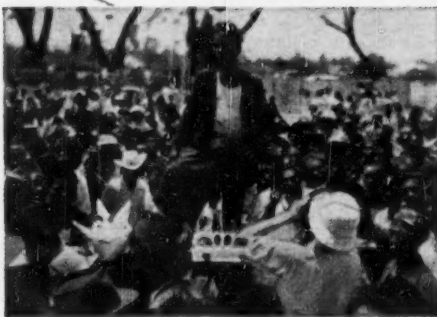
Even spectators need courage for Indonesia's
BEEFSTEAK SWEEPSTAKES

1. "The world's wildest bull session is the race held each September on Madura, an island off the coast of Java," writes a globe-trotting friend of

Canadian Club. "Photographing this Bull Derby nearly made hamburger out of me. At the finish, I suddenly realized the galloping bulls were out of control."



2. "I still don't know how I side-stepped a trampling, but the yoked bulls, with jockeys crouched between them, swept past me and sent the spectators beyond scattering for safety. Lots of screaming, but nobody was hurt."



3. "I caught the winner in his hour of glory—and I mean hour. He harangued the crowd for at least that long, boasting of his bulls' pedigrees. Jockeys often fall among the hooves of their bovine chargers, so a winner is considered a real hero among the Madura islanders."

4. "Later at his club in nearby Surabaya, my host chuckled 'we'll need no discourse about the pedigree of this' as the waiter poured Canadian Club. 'No indeed,' I replied, 'I've heard it in practically every language'."

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DR. FOWLER'S
 Extract of
 WILD STRAWBERRY

to the end of the run without spilling a minute or skipping a production detail. Above all she must keep the performers from strutting too cozily into their roles, or loosening them to allow extra props.

Paul Klugman, one of the most experienced actors in Toronto, remarked recently, "It's a truism that actors think every SM is an old bear. After all, this is the boss. But, hey! A good one makes a difference." He added, "Grannie's the best in the country." Klugman has worked under Miss Mortimer in a number of productions, including half a dozen Spring Thaws, the annual revues produced by Toronto's New Play Society.

This midsummer Miss Mortimer was finishing her stint as SM of the 1958 edition of Spring Thaw, which had opened on April 8 and settled down for a long run. On a fairly typical Friday, in late afternoon, she drove her olive-drab Volkswagen to the converted cinema in west-central Toronto that housed the revue. There was to be a matinee at six and an evening show at nine. Miss Mortimer arrived half an hour before curtain time. During the pre-opening period she often works fourteen hours a day, and if she is stage-managing a tour she's on call day and night.

She chatted with the actors and crew as they arrived, took their orders for supper, so he fetched from a nearby restaurant; called a standby to the actors; peered at the house from the wings; glanced at the heavy watch strapped to her wrist; sat in the orchestra; spoke quietly into the intercom set in a cramped corner of the shallow wing.

"Stand by house-out," The master electrician was working from a converted projection booth above the lobby.

Then:

"House out, please."

"Open up, please." The curtains swung apart.

Miss Mortimer propped herself on an ancient paste stool wedged into a corner by the intercom.

She's never seen the whole show from out front. She sees only the underside of the fabric, with the pattern reversed. From backstage the theatre is a dark pit when the actors are on; the stage is bright and normal only when the curtain closes it off from the audience and the stagehands go about their business. There is stillness when the actors are on; bustle and life only when they crowd into the wings. Sound comes on the off-beat—not when the actors are acting but after they have stopped, when the crowd makes its noise.

"Stand by seventeen. Warning eighteen."

"Go eighteen." Every lighting change is numbered consecutively through the show, but Miss Mortimer must cue it with split-second accuracy.

Miss Mortimer glanced around quickly to check hand props for the next scene; got up smoothly to help an actor make a quick change; reached suddenly but deftly to buzz the prop telephone-buzzer, releasing it at the precise instant the actor picked up the receiver onstage.

"Blackout please."

"Close in, please."

A performer wandered out into the back lane for a moment, leaving the outer door ajar. She went over and pulled the door shut. Another performer came to ask if she had any aspirin. He called her "Grannie," as do most of the players.

She said, "No. Sorry," and added, "Sssh," automatically.

After intermission she pulled out a packet of homemade sandwiches and started to eat them, between low-voiced rapid-fire orders to the electrician on the intercom. She checked to see that the

performers' supper had arrived in order. She tweaked back the curtain to give her a view downstage; she gave a sharp rip to a frayed sheet of sandpaper precisely as the actor onstage tore the false back off a companion's suit jacket. Then she went on with her sandwich.

In the break before the evening show she supervised the distribution of sandwiches and coffee to the performers lounging out in the front rows of the empty house. She produced aspirin, hastily bought at a drugstore, for the ailing actor. She soothed the comedienne who was complaining testily of noise backstage during her solo.

Miss Mortimer recently commented, "Actors' temperaments—their idiocies—can get awfully in the way sometimes."

At the evening performance the pause before the start of the overture was a shade too long and she was down at the side-aisle curtain in a flash to find out the reason. An actor, entering from the opposite wing, missed his cue and came on

late. He was a seasoned professional and skipped across right after his exit to apologize to her. She accepted it curtly, adding "Sssh." After intermission she slipped out into the house during a choral number to watch one member who seemed to be padding his part with pantomime. She made a note in her book.

At the close of the show she greeted the applause and allowed three curtain calls, said a final, "All right, warm up the house, please," into the intercom and dismissed the cast with a friendly but formal, "Thank you very much."

Then she drove home to the comfortable studio couches and mellow colonial pine of her basement bachelor flat in North Toronto, poured out a beer and curled up for a while with a mystery. She read for a couple of hours—long enough to sink into someone else's problems, intuitions, crises and decisions, long enough to relax and forget the whole hectic business of being a backstage mastermind. ★

My most memorable meal: No. 40

Duncan McLeod

recalls



How I ate my typewriter

Most writers think of their typewriters as instruments of torture upon which they try to trap elusive thoughts. But I once owned a typewriter which brings back only pleasant memories.

This was a portable I sold in Belgrade, Yugoslavia, in 1948 for the princely sum of twenty-five thousand dinars, the equivalent of five hundred dollars or half a year's income for the average Yugoslav. With my pockets bulging I decided to act like a millionaire during the two remaining weeks of my stay in Yugoslavia—dinars were practically valueless outside Yugoslavia. As a first step I bought a ticket on a train leaving in a few hours for the Dalmatian coast, then went to dinner at the fashionable restaurant *Dva Ribar* (Two Fishermen).

I entered in unpressed pants and crumpled jacket—my only clothes in a four-months tour of Europe. Well-dressed men and women enjoying their dinners to the strains of a string quartet eyed me curiously. A maitre d' in full soup and fish approached and spoke to me haughtily in Yugoslav; just as haughtily I inquired if he spoke English. Lifting his eyebrows in surprise he shook his head. But when I switched to French he said proudly, "Oui, M'sieu," swept me to a linen-decked table near the orchestra, and placed upon it a menu about two feet square. Brushing it aside, I told him to bring me a full-

course dinner of all their specialties, casually pulled out a fat roll of hundred-dinar notes, peeled one off and handed it to him.

For the next two hours an obsequious waiter brought me the proudest dishes of the house. There was a thick brown soup with chopped meat floating in it; cucumbers and tomatoes swimming in olive oil; fish with crisp brown coverings over white flaky flesh; succulent roast pork; slices of goose; slabs of white and red ice cream; pastries of whipped cream, honey, strawberries and raspberries; squares of rubbery, tasty cheese; thick Turkish coffee in a bright brass pot; and finally a dish of juicy grapes, some dark blue and almost as round as plums, others green and elongated.

These had been accompanied by an assortment of wines, some light and delicate, others dark and heady. As a finale the waiter brought a flagon of white, syrupy Maraschino brandy, and then presented *Paddition* of 360 dinars with a flourish. I left five bills and staggered off to my train.

This was but a prelude to many other delicious meals in luxurious hotels on the Dalmatian coast beside the Adriatic Sea. When I left Yugoslavia from Rijeka on the Yugoslav ship *Radnik* I still had a thousand dinars and many memories of fine food, wines and beautiful women—all things which, alas my present typewriter does not supply.

DUNCAN MCLEOD HAS WRITTEN SEVERAL ARTICLES FOR MACLEAN'S.



London Letter

Continued from page 10

and sustained was the resistance of the freedom fighters, so furious was the outcry from the outside world, that the Russians were obviously startled and shocked. An armistice of a sort was announced on the loud-speakers and M. Nagy took over the government of the country by permission of the Russians. Thus there came the false calm of exhaustion.

But one does not need any unusual gift of imagination to realize the reaction in Moscow. Supremo Khrushchev may have many faults but he is not lacking in realism. Looking out upon the straggling empire of communism with Marshal Tito taking his own line, with Poland looking to Yugoslavia for guidance and co-operation, with Hungary aflame and with the civilized world condemning the Russian hierarchy as murderers of men and destroyers of nations, he must have felt the warning of fate.

Meanwhile that lovely, lazy city of Budapest with its shattered cafés, its ruined houses and its dead and dying heroes was trying to reconstruct some kind of life amid the ruins. My mind went back to my first visit there in the early Twenties when in an open-air café Alexander Korda, the film producer, sipped his absinthe and said to me: "Hungary is not a nation, it is a state of mind." That was a witty piece of flippancy, yet there was more truth in it than there seemed at that moment. It was the state of mind that sent the young men into the streets against the tyranny of Russia.

But to return for a moment to the film at Westminster. On the screen we saw the people in the shattered streets waiting for a loud-speaker announcement from the Russian headquarters. In the committee room of the great Westminster Hall we heard the fateful words of the Russian spokesman to the effect that M. Nagy would be placed at the head of the government. To the crowds on the streets it was a victory. Budapest, that city of gaiety and grief, had won the battle—or so it seemed.

That was as far as the film took us. In the hospitals were wounded men who wept with relief and joy. Hungary was to be given back its liberty. Hungary was to have a Hungarian at its head. The Russian troops were beginning to pull out.

So the film came to an end with young people laughing and with older people daring once more to hope. A brave country had won a brave victory. Budapest was in ruins but some day, some time, it would rise from its ashes and be beautiful again. So much for the film.

Now let us bring the story forward to late June of this year. The United Nations special committee on Hungary met in New York and adopted a statement deploring the execution of Imre Nagy, General Pal Maleter and their two companions. The committee described the executions as "this latest tragic event in which these men, symbols of the hope of a nation for freedom from foreign domination, were secretly sent to death in circumstances which call for exposure, in violation of solemn undertakings that their persons would not be harmed, and



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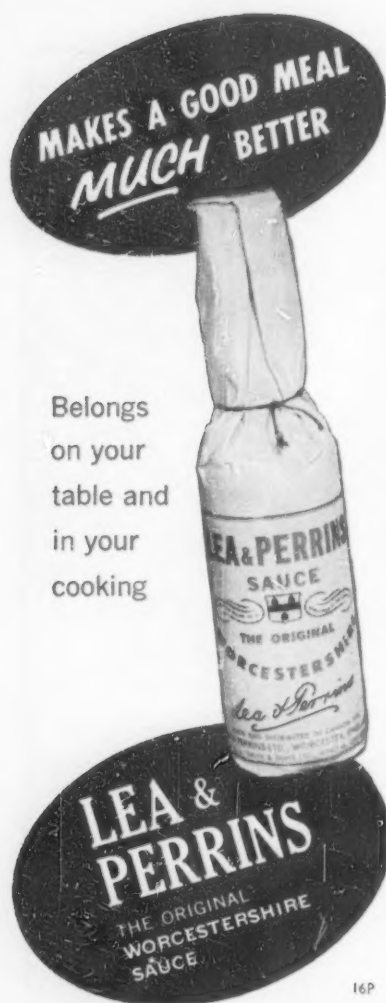


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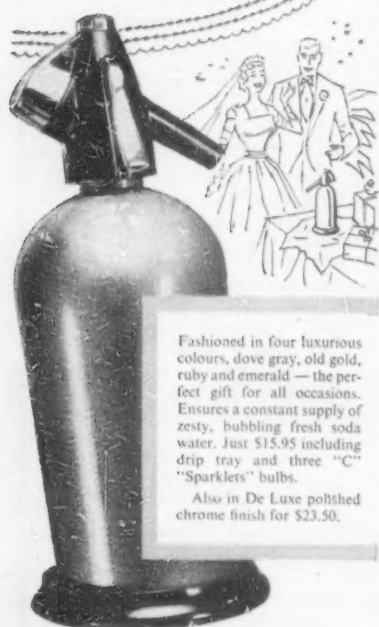
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16P

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in defiance of the judgment and opinion of the United Nations."

In what country, asked the United Nations committee, were the condemned men tried? Where did the executions take place? What was the precise form of the indictment?

Meanwhile from Belgrade came the news that the Yugoslav ambassador in Budapest had delivered a strong protest against the breach of agreement which promised that Nagy and his companions would have safe conduct on leaving the Yugoslavian embassy, where they had gone for safety.

In the Yugoslavian embassy in Budapest where Nagy and his friends were enjoying sanctuary a Yugoslav diplomat was shot dead by a Russian patrol. After the Russians had pledged their word that neither Nagy nor his friends would be harmed or punished if they left the Embassy, they were arrested and sent to Rumania. Later they were perfunctorily tried and executed.

Twice the improvised Hungarian government, dominated by its communist leaders, had violated a solemn agreement with Yugoslavia, first by breaking a legal agreement with Yugoslavia when it failed to ensure the safe return to their homes of the men concerned, and secondly when it broke the promise that no punishment would be inflicted on Nagy and his associates for past political activities.

But is all this of really vital importance to free nations separated by oceans and mountains from the maelstrom of Central Europe? Merely to ask the question is to answer it.

Western civilization is faced with this challenge and this terrible problem. Russia is a member of the United Nations,

and already that organization in solemn session has pronounced the Soviet "guilty of the attempted murder of Hungary." The right of Khrushchev to be the dictator and the high priest of world communism is supported by the might of Russian armaments and the docile subservience of the people whom Khrushchev rules.

It is not a crisis that can be solved by threats or even by war. So completely has Khrushchev established his police state that no man in Russia dare give words to his thoughts unless they are in accord with the party line. Russia, the most powerful country in Europe, is guarded by a propaganda wall which truth cannot surmount.

Yet this little brandy-swilling dictator knows that under modern conditions and with complete control of all sources of information and education he can keep the truth at bay within his own borders. Today it is not easy to displace a dictator.

If the case of Hungary could be put fairly to the Russian people I believe that they would give expression to the horror that they felt. Or is that wishful thinking?

Only a month ago I went to a reception at the Russian embassy in London in honor of the Moscow Players who were giving a special season of plays in Russian at Sadler's Wells Theatre. Even without a word of Russian at my command I found their performance of *The Cherry Orchard* an exquisitely humorous and charming experience. The players whom we met at the embassy were as pleasant and human as they could be.

Is there no way of scaling the propaganda wall that keeps the Soviet people

ignorant of the truth about the outside world? It is not enough for individual politicians and newspaper editors to condemn the rule of murder in Hungary. The blood of the murdered Nagy is on our conscience even if it is not on our hands.

Are Poland and Yugoslavia next on the list? Was the murder of Hungary intended as a warning, or was it an announcement that in no communist country will good faith, honor or mercy be allowed to exist?

When the film came to an end we walked through the ageless splendor of Westminster Hall where the first parliament of all time assembled, where kings and queens as the first servants of the people lay in stately death while the mourners passed.

We cannot and must not put Europe to the sword to avenge the rape of Hungary and the execution of President Nagy, but we can raise our voices and ensure that the truth is given wings. Khrushchev should be summoned to the United Nations to answer for his conduct in Hungary.

Let us assume that he would refuse to go. Then let us proclaim it to the world that Russia holds that murder, foul murder, is essential to the reign of communism.

It was only a film we saw but it brought the naked truth to Westminster. I hope that nothing will prevent its traveling through the whole civilized world for it has a tragic, shameful yet uplifting story to tell.

Perhaps some day it will be shown in Russia — but not yet. ★

Mailbag

Continued from page 4

- ✓ **Mystery of medicine**
- ✓ **Mayor with a song**

Hugh Garner's Why I Hate Doctors (July 5) was hilarious! Let us have more of his gay witty articles . . . —MRS. VERA D. ISNOR, HALIFAX.

✓ Garner's article was the most disgusting I have ever read. He must have been drinking his "cheap rye whisky" while writing this story. If he doesn't like doctors why doesn't he stay away from them? —MISS M. BEATTIE, EDMONTON.

✓ . . . This is undoubtedly the best article on our civilized version of witch doctors that has ever been published. As a group, they ignore the fact that the compounding of libations and ministrations of a doctor are no longer profound mysteries. The average intelligent person possesses a good general grounding in medicine . . . —FRED V. DALY, OTTAWA.

London's cost of touring

Under the heading *London's High Life* (Preview, July 5) you say this year's prices are up by 25%. This is wrong. The cost of a vacation in Britain this year has not risen more than about 5%-7½% and, depending on the type of vacation, the increase over last year can well be less than this. A world-famous de luxe London hotel can cost \$15 a day but, for less than half this price, a wide range of

first-class accommodation is available. In the country, \$3-\$4 will buy overnight accommodation and breakfast at literally hundreds of comfortable inns. Average meal in London would be \$7.50 for two in first-class restaurants . . . The statement that London taxis are no longer "cheap" hardly agrees with the fact that 35c covers a mile ride . . . —A. MCLEAN, BRITISH TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, TORONTO.

Rock-'n'-roll mayor

In Blair Fraser's *Backstage in Politics* (June 21) I was compared to Elvis Presley. I rushed out and bought a guitar. To



Mayor Tishach: Anybody need an act?

date, I can play two chords, but on listening to the present popular music I feel that two chords will suffice, and I will be ready to accept engagements when my sideburns grow. I am enclosing a picture of myself and guitar and I would appreciate any help in obtaining bookings. My

entire salary as mayor is donated to the Industrial Development Committee of the Chamber of Commerce. Any funds obtained through my singing efforts would be donated to the same worthy cause to provide jobs for unemployed coal miners of Drumheller. —E. A. TOSHACH, MAYOR, DRUMHELLER, ALTA.

"The man who lost"

In Maclean's (*The Pipeline Uproar*, July 5) I was mentioned under a heading, *The Man Who Lost* ("... the late Faison Dixon went into the fight a well-to-do citizen, came out of it relatively poor and died soon afterward, a broken man"). I am not dead yet and am still active in my profession. I have written reports on gas reserves for some of the largest gas-pipeline companies . . . I am now as well-to-do as I ever was . . . I enjoyed reading Blair Fraser's article until I came to the part that mentioned me . . . —A. FAISON DIXON, NEW YORK.

Maclean's apologizes for an unpardonable error.

"Ban bomb makes sense"

Dr. James Thomson's *Argument, Canada Should Ban the A-Bomb* (June 21), makes sense, and what he says is in the really Christian tradition. Organized Christianity has, in the past, usually gone along with war. J. S. Woodsworth was forced to leave the church during World War I for refusing to go along with the warlike spirit. If the churches will now throw their weight against the fatal drift toward war, they might redeem their mistakes of the past and, what is more important, save the world from catastrophe. —MRS. A. MCLFOD, NANAIMO, B.C. ★

In one building, a sea-scene from Joseph Conrad; in another, a glistening executive suite

most up-to-date goods, which is typical of King Street, where the old and new are shuffled, the past blends with the present, and memories mix with hopes.

Thorne's, a big hardware establishment near MRA's, has a flossy new exterior, but, up under the eaves of the building, the top floor might be a scene from a Joseph Conrad sea story. It reeks of tar and oakum, buzzes with the talk of seamen, and is crammed with anchors, lanterns, coils of rope, cod hooks, compasses, galley stoves, lobster twine, bolts of canvas, barometers and propellers. Nautical shoppers from New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Prince Edward Island and the State of Maine visit this floor. If a skipper like Brooks of the Enid Hazel has time to kill in Saint John and wants to swap yarns, he can always encounter a fellow sailor up under Thorne's eaves, where a friendly man named Charlie Clayton, who knows about ships and the sea, acts as a combination of salesman and host.

While Thorne's glistening exterior hides this Joseph Conrad scene, the scarred exterior of an old brick building by Market Slip hides the glistening executive suite of Kenneth Colin Irving, the leading industrialist of the Maritimes, who controls Thorne's among a good many other things.

Irving, a lean six-footer with alert grey eyes, even features, a pleasant manner and a brain that functions like an electric calculator, was a pilot in the First World War. Then he sold model-T Fords. Then he set up gasoline pumps and sold gas for the Fords. Eventually, he was branching out in all directions. At fifty-nine, he heads an industrial complex that includes an oil company with sixteen hundred service stations, pulp and paper mills in New Brunswick and New York, two million acres of forest, lumber mills in four provinces, a steamship line, daily newspapers in Saint John and Moncton, truck and bus lines, wholesale and retail concerns. This spring, launching a private war against recession in his own bailiwick, he announced plans for a forty-five-million-dollar oil refinery and a thirty-million-dollar pulp mill addition at Saint John.

Irving feels, as perhaps the majority of Maritimers do, that Confederation hurt the seaboard region. Once, he had experts prepare charts showing that in 1871, the year of the first federal census, New Brunswick had a higher per-capita income and a higher ratio of industrial employment than Ontario—a situation drastically reversed in the last eighty-seven years. Irving has been trying for years to persuade the federal government to build the Chignecto Canal, which would link the Bay of Fundy and the Gulf of St. Lawrence and create a short sheltered inland navigation route from Fundy ports to St. Lawrence and Great Lakes ports. He claims this would cut transportation costs and open new markets for the Maritimes in central Canada, but the government, so far, has shown no enthusiasm for the project.

Irving, gazing out the windows of his soundproofed office above Market Slip, still dreams of a time when the Chignecto Canal will help Saint John and New Brunswick recapture their bygone affluence and prestige.

This affluence, this prestige, started right below his windows, and started the

hard way, for Market Slip, then a cove in the wilderness, was where three thousand United Empire Loyalists, in May, 1783, disembarked from the ships that brought them from New York as refugees. "It is, I think, the roughest land I

ever saw," wrote Mrs. William Frost in her diary. "We are all ordered to land tomorrow, and not a shelter to go under." A woman who watched the ships sail off, after the Loyalists had swarmed ashore, recalled her emotions in a letter

to a relative. "Such a feeling of loneliness came over me," she said, "that although I had not shed a tear through all the war, I sat down on the moss with my baby and cried."

Thousands of other Loyalists reached



Give yourself a break



get together with GOLDEN

Some women seem to have an instinct for getting work done. "You build the dock," they say, "while I get the Golden!"

Later, when the work on the dock seems suitably far along, out comes the cold, sparkling Golden Ale. It's the kind of reward that turns work into pleasure.

**MOLSON'S
GOLDEN ALE**



GILBEY'S

Smooth Canadian Whiskey

BLACK VELVET

Saint John before 1783 ended and they scabbled slowly and painfully up what is now King Street, hacking trees, burning green stumps, wrestling with boulders. With winter, hundreds died. There were daily funeral processions to interrupt the frenzied toil of turning bush and rock into a town but by the spring of 1784 King Street, and short lanes running off it, had nearly three hundred houses and stores along them.

Charles McPherson, a Highland soldier who arrived with the Loyalists, was granted a lot on King Street and offered to sell it for "a gallon of rum and one Spanish doubloon." Nobody had a gallon of rum and a Spanish doubloon to spare so McPherson built an inn, the Exchange Coffee House. He dispensed more rum than coffee, and, when the opportunity arose, he threw in a bit of entertainment. The Royal Gazette and New Brunswick Advertiser, Saint John's first newspaper, in 1796 had an account of the "feats on wires and ropes" done at the Coffee House by a traveling performer, Don Pedro Clorioso, who "cooled off after with Quebec brown stout and mild ale."

Perhaps the least popular patron of the Coffee House was Benedict Arnold, the traitor, who reached Saint John in 1787 in his own brigantine accompanied by his wife Peggy, who was the daughter of Pennsylvania's last royal governor. Arnold, once a trusted general of George Washington, thought the Loyalists would welcome him because he had attempted to sell Washington out to the British. Instead, the Loyalists treated him with cold contempt at first—contempt that turned to active anger. Arnold was engaged in trading with the West Indies and had a warehouse on King Street. When it burned, his partner, Munson Hoyt, openly said Arnold had set the fire to collect insurance. Arnold charged Hoyt with slander, with "blackening my character," and Hoyt retorted, in the courtroom: "It is not in my power to blacken your character, for it is as black as it can be."

When the judge awarded Arnold damages of twenty shillings, a crowd gathered on King Street, burned Arnold's effigy, complete with wig and cocked hat, and dispersed only when the mayor read the riot act. In September 1791, Arnold advertised in the Royal Gazette and New Brunswick Advertiser that he was selling "excellent feather beds, mahogany four-poster bedsteads, an elegant set of Wedgwood gilt ware, cabriole chairs covered with blue damask, and a lady's elegant saddle and bridle." After the sale of his chattels he departed from Saint John.

So, about this time, did Edmund Fanning, a Loyalist who had commanded a thousand guerrilla fighters in the Revolutionary War. Fanning had plundered villages and killed women and children as well as men. He was too bloodthirsty for his fellow Loyalists to stomach. A big King Street blacksmith told him so and Fanning challenged him to a duel. The blacksmith chose the weapons—broad-bladed axes—and expected his size and strength to give him an advantage over Fanning, who was small. But Fanning, if small, was agile and fast. He cut off the blacksmith's toes and remained in Saint John until he had to flee to escape being hanged for rape.

Meanwhile King was gradually becoming a bustling and colorful street. Shipbuilding had started at Saint John and elsewhere on the Bay of Fundy, white pine logs were being rafted down the four-hundred-and-fifty-mile-long St. John River to be sawed into deals at Saint John and loaded on vessels bound for Britain, the salt-fish trade was prospering,

and a number of Loyalists who had owned little factories in New England and New York re-established them in New Brunswick. The money these activities produced was spent on King Street and the advertising columns grew in the Royal Gazette and New Brunswick Advertiser.

Alexander and John Thompson's store sold "gloves and hosiery, wines and vinegar, sailor jackets, loaf sugar, nutmeg and cinnamon, paints and oil, knives and forks, gunpowder, sheet iron for stoves, glass and nails." A Mr. Evans, late of New York, advised women to avoid "the fatigue of dressing their own hair" and to let him do it for them. He also sold "totes and toupees already prepared, also all sorts of cushions cheap as in London, plain and scented hair powder, and beauty patches in porcelain boxes." Dr. Josiah Flagg promised "the safe and salutary practice of his profession as a surgeon dentist" and supplemented his income by selling "tooth and gum brushes, tinctures and dentifrices."

Marriott's restaurant offered "soups, broths, beef or mutton steaks at the lowest possible prices at a minute's warning, also shaving and hairdressing at the most reasonable terms." James Hendrick's hardware store sold cooking pots guaranteed to "weigh at least twenty-five pounds," and Judge James Putnam, late of Boston, sold flour and molasses on the ground floor of his three-story house. Nor was culture neglected, for Stephen Humbert had a book and music shop.

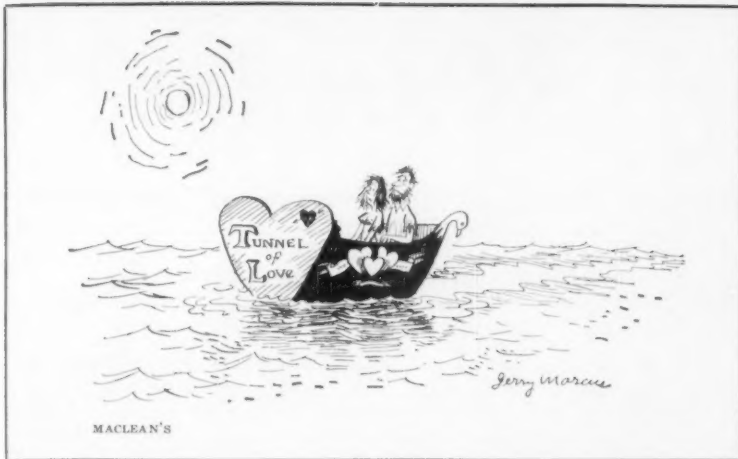
Humbert's ads didn't say, but the news columns did, that he and Daniel Leavitt, the official "keepers of the Sabbath," designed a wicker cage in which boys guilty of improper Sabbath conduct could be suspended below the balcony of the market building.

The War of 1812 increased King Street's wealth, for most of the privateers that sailed from New Brunswick to return with Yankee prizes belonged to King Street shipowners. One of them, the forty-seven-ton sloop Dart, went inside the Boston Light to capture the American ship Union in 1813.

High life on King

News of the Battle of Waterloo came to King Street, and was celebrated by King Street, months after the event; and John Ward put steamboats on the St. John River; and in 1821 Dan Lambert, the eight-foot-seven Irish giant who weighed seven hundred and ninety-five pounds, came to Saint John with his wife, who weighed eight hundred and ninety pounds, to sing and dance in the Exchange Coffee House. Ezekiel Barlow bought the Judge Putnam house and store for two thousand Mexican dollars, which he delivered by wheelbarrow.

In 1825 the Saint John Hotel, which was new, advertised that "a fine lively turtle will be cooked and ready to serve up at 11 o'clock on Monday next," and in 1828 an eighteen-year-old boy, Patrick Burgan, was hanged for stealing one dollar. In 1830 on the anniversary of Waterloo, veterans staged a sham battle in a theatre and did it so realistically that several were wounded by gun wadding and one man was killed by a ramrod. New Brunswick's consumption of rum, the black overproof kind, was roughly five gallons a year per head of population. The jailkeeper kept a bar in the jail and when the city council decided this should be removed, to keep the prisoners sober, the jailer was voted a grant of thirty pounds sterling annually to compensate him for his loss. And, in 1833, the Loyalists dug pits in King Square and roasted oxen and fired a



salute of fifty guns and danced and capered all night to celebrate their first half century in Saint John. In that half century everything they had touched had turned to gold. They were sure Saint John would be the great metropolis of British North America. They were still more certain of this when the Marco Polo, a Saint John ship launched in 1850, sailed from Liverpool to Melbourne, Australia, in seventy-six days, and back to Liverpool in the same time—the fastest passage in history. Orders for ships like the Marco Polo flooded Saint John; the shipyards worked night and day. King Street merchants sent buyers to Europe in search of silks and satins and furs and jewelry for wealthy customers.

By 1867, the year of Confederation, King Street had an elegance surpassed nowhere in British North America. Its stores, wine cellars, restaurants and hotels were famous far beyond New Brunswick and the ships of its traders were bringing luxuries from every corner of the earth. Meanwhile, Saint John was manufacturing products that ranged from tea-pots to railway trains. In the census of 1871 it was Canada's fourth city, with a population of 41,000, outranked only by Montreal with 129,000, Quebec with 60,000 and Toronto with 59,000.

Then, on June 20, 1877, half Saint John was obliterated by one of the worst fires in Canadian history—a fire that destroyed thousands of houses and scores of factories. In King Square, homeless people slept in army tents. The flames spared one side of King Street—that on which the Royal Hotel and MRA's are situated—but turned the other side to rubble.

The fire coincided with the beginning of the long decline in wooden shipbuilding. Saint John rose from the ashes but was never to be the same.

Today, while it's an important national port, while it still clings determinedly to a variety of industrial plants, and while it is the chief city of the Bay of Fundy, it has to accept the fact that it has dropped to eighteenth among Canada's cities. The population of Saint John proper is 52,000 and that of Metropolitan Saint John 85,000. Yet, in spite of setbacks and disappointments, Saint John remains a jaunty old character among Canada's cities and King, if a shade threadbare in spots, is one of Canada's most cheerful streets.

With its foot in salt water and its head in a shady park, King is something more than three blocks of pavement and buildings. It's a century and three quarters of diverting history. Robert Foulis, who invented the foghorn, walked here and Abraham Gesner, who developed the process by which kerosene is extracted from petroleum and who thus became

the father of the oil industry, and Benjamin Tibbetts, who invented the compound steam engine, and Munson Jarvis, who founded the first fire-insurance company in Canada, and Robert Reid, who invented postage-stamp albums, and the great ship designer David Lynch, and Rupert Turnbull who invented the controllable-pitch airplane propeller, and Charles Gorman, who set speed-skating records that have never been broken. Bliss Carman walked here, his unkempt hair flying in the everlasting salt breeze, as he composed his poems about Saint John and Saint John's ships. Lord Beaverbrook walked here when he was a reporter earning five dollars a week from a Saint John paper, and Louis B. Mayer walked here as a penniless urchin who hadn't even heard of Hollywood. Saint John people, Fundy people, hardly notice the buildings as they walk up and down King Street, or sit in King Square resting or listening to a band concert. But they are always aware that King is no new upstart of a street without background or atmosphere. They enjoy its age, the memories it stirs.

They also enjoy the Old Burying Ground, which lies just beyond King Square and has acquired the status of a park instead of a cemetery. There, on the tombstones, they read about poor Catherine Beck:

Afflictions sore, short time I bore,
Phycitians ade was vain
Til death did seas and God did pleas
To eas her pain.

They read the advice of John Godsow:

My glass is run, my days are spent,
My life is gone but it was lent;
And as I am so you must be;
Therefore prepare to follow me.

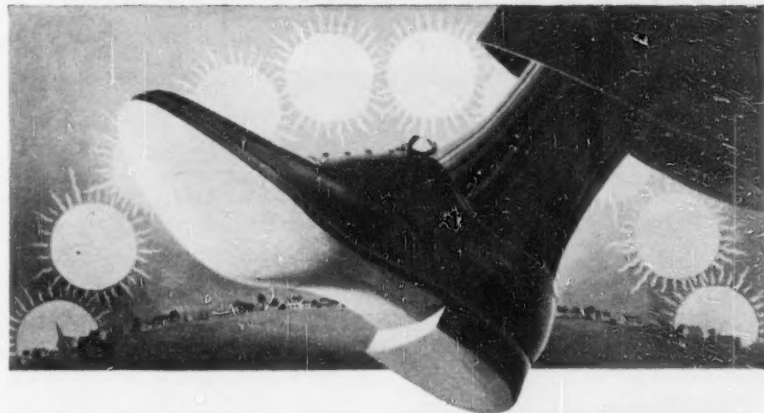
And they read the epitaph of Abel Judson, drowned seaman:

Tho Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves
Have tost me to and fro,
Now I'm escaped from all their rage
And anchored here below.

The mention of Boreas' blasts and Neptune's waves may set them to wondering about the weather, which is never very far from the minds of seaport people. If it does, they're likely to saunter through the City Market, behind the stores on the north side of King Street, and pause at Daniel O'Reilly's stall to peek into the sauerkraut barrel.

If the brine is down and the cabbage is up, it won't storm. If the brine is up and the cabbage down, it will. Anybody can tell you that on King Street—the street that slopes into salt water and has stubby sturdy boats like the Enid Hazel bobbing in its slip and is the main street not only of old grey Saint John but of the whole Bay of Fundy. ★

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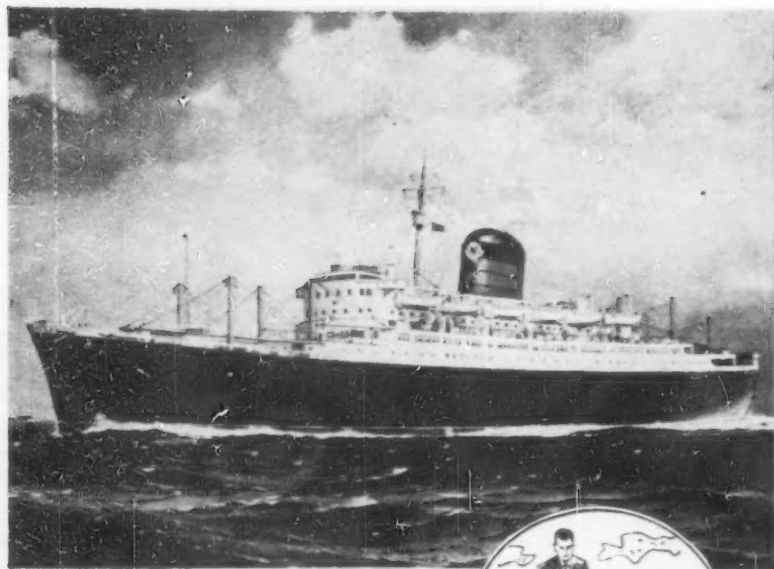
We're gregarious. We enjoy people around us, the sound of happy talk and laughter. But opening boxes and bottles to feed people and slake their thirst, takes a big bite out of what is laughingly called 'disposable income'. But we solved that problem when we discovered a pair of wonderful wines. Canadian "74" Sherry and "74" Port are the smoothest, brightest party drinks we've ever poured. They're delightful on the tongue, easy on the budget, welcomed by our friends.



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Parade

The compleater angler

Best fish story we've received this year reports that a citizen of Antigonish, N.S., landed a beauty: a twenty-six-pound salmon which had a second hook in its gill. On examination he discovered the extra hook was also his, for the fly was a hand-tied one he couldn't mistake. He had lost it, fishing the same stream a year ago, when his line broke. Any fisherman would recognize this as a good omen, so he promptly attached the recovered fly to a new line, cast again and hauled in a twenty-pounder.

There's an Edmonton architect with strong ideas about design—cars as well as buildings—who just can't stand tailfins. Faced with the necessity of buying a car this year and unable to find a standard-size car that doesn't sport fins, he finally discovered one make he liked that hadn't had tailfins last year. So he bought a new '58 model and had the dealer install the finless rear deck from the '57 model.

Footnote to a full column of death notices in a recent issue of the Regina Leader-Post: "Customers come in bunches when you place a want ad here."

There's a little girl in Burlington, Ont., who looks forward eagerly to the family's regular Sunday drives, and she was greatly relieved recently when mother offered to substitute at the wheel on a weekend when father was in bed with a cold. On their return home father asked if they had had a nice time and little

to anyone present at the appraised figure. An agreement to purchase was immediately drawn up and signed by another citizen equally anxious to show his good faith—the town appraiser.

A little girl playing on the crumbling sandbanks of the South Thompson River near Kamloops, B.C., was lucky—when she tumbled in there happened to be a



fellow washing his car nearby and he plunged in to get her. He had quite a time picking a non-crumbling route back up the river bank and the girl was terrified and screaming by the time he bundled her in a blanket in the back seat of his car. At this point her parents arrived, summoned by a playmate, and expressed their gratitude by giving him a tongue-lashing for scaring the child so. He didn't mind that part so much—but he sure wishes they'd return his blanket.

There's a chap in Montreal who was long convinced that in his wife he had the world's worst back-seat driver. That was before his mother-in-law came to visit. Fortunately her stay was brief and they didn't do too much driving, but he reached the end of his patience while driving mother-in-law to the station, for both women kept the helpful advice coming nonstop. Finally he turned to the back seat and shouted, "Who is driving this car, you or your mother?"



Janet replied, "Oh, yes—but it wasn't as exciting as usual. There aren't any damn fools on the road when Mummy drives."

Several property owners in Seven Islands, Que., recently appeared before town council to complain that their properties had been over-appraised. One fellow protested that a vacant lot he owned had been appraised at \$1,050 although he had tried vainly to sell it for considerably less, and to show his good faith declared he would cheerfully sell it

The hairdressing salon in a new Hamilton department store affects an air of elegance and refinement, in keeping with which its sleekly groomed young hair stylists wear tunics bearing their names, such as Alexis, Charles and Victor. But a Parade spy who recently engaged Victor in conversation discovered that at home he's known as Sammy.

PARADE PAYS \$5 TO \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned.

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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, AUGUST 16, 1958

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They're the Greatest
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PANTS & JACKETS MATCHED SETS

*"HUSKY" SHIRTS and *"SPRINGBOK" PANTS



Young people like the built-in comfort, fit and good looks of G.W.G. quality garments. Mom likes them too because they wear so well... they're the best buy!

*"HUSKY" Shirts and matching *"SPRINGBOK" Pants are available in shades of Suntan, Green, Grey and Sand... girls' Western style *"FRONTIER QUEEN" matching Shirts and Slacks in Suntan, Sandstone and Black — Slacks also in Blue Denim and Grey.



*REG.

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NAMES ARE REGISTERED
TRADE MARKS

Made in Canada's Most Modern Garment Factory by

THE GREAT WESTERN GARMENT CO. LTD., EDMONTON



At The Stratford Shakespearean Festival . . . or cruising cross country . . . this Fairlane stands out in both looks and action!

Polished performer with inspired lines

THUNDERBIRD-inspired—that's Ford! And the resemblance just starts with Ford's rakish lines.

Settle down behind the wheel in the luxury of real foam rubber (it's standard in the front seat of all Fords). Then treat yourself to that special brand of performance that only 25 years of V-8 leadership can produce. See how Ford's Thunderbird power whisks you out front right from the start . . . cuts a long trip down to comfort size with effortless ease.

Smooth? Like velvet! All Ford V-8's are electronically balanced while running under their own power. Silent? You bet. Ford boasts the most insulation in its field plus features like the live-rubber body mounts that damp out chassis vibration before it can reach passengers.

No wonder the miles whisper by. Better yet, the price whispers "Buy"! See your Ford Dealer for the thrifty details.

SIX or V-8
the going is great!



The new 4-passenger Thunderbird wins rave notices at Stratford or in any other setting. And with a new Ford you can fit the thrill of Thunderbird styling and performance into any budget. That's one of the reasons Ford is the fine-car buy of the year.

(Certain features illustrated or mentioned are "Standard" on some models, optional at extra cost on others.)

